

COMFORT FOR ALL.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR"



VOLUME 5, No 3

PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHTED

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

JANUARY, 1893.

M.N. 51, PRICE 25¢ PER YEAR.

BY THE GANNETT & MORSE CONCERN, AUGUSTA, ME.



* THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB *

Under this head are published every month the best original short stories received under the following prize offer and the writers of which have complied with the conditions here named.

Only regular subscribers of COMFORT may compete for the prizes. All contributions must bear the writer's full name and address; must be written on one side of the paper only and be mailed in a sealed envelope, duly stamped, to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE. All stories must be strictly original and contributors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1200 or less than 800 words. No manuscript will be returned unless an addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed.

The writer of the best original story will receive \$25 cash; of the second best, \$20 cash; of the third best, \$15 cash and of the fourth best, \$10 cash.

First class original stories of from three to four thousand words will be purchased outright at the most liberal prices.

The prize winners for January are:

Mrs. W. Leslie Collins, First Prize.
John Weymouth, Second Prize.
G. F. Bennett, Third Prize.
Minnie Thomas Boyce, Fourth Prize.

THAT NIGHT.

BY MRS. W. LESLIE COLLINS.

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ABOUT one hundred years ago there lived in Franklin County, Kentucky, a well to do farmer named Bowen. His farm extended into the adjoining county of Anderson. At that time civilization had not driven out all of the primitive denizens of the forests, and wolves, catamounts, and panthers added the terrors of their presence to the density of the wood, and occasionally, impelled by hunger, they approached the scattered habitations of men to seize upon, and devour, any unprotected live stock; even if it was in the dooryard of its sturdy owner who dared not venture out alone to the rescue; and the watch dogs would bark vociferously at a safe distance from the fierce marauder, or would fly with drooping tails and frightened yelps to a convenient hiding place. Many a belated hunter has quickened his footsteps as he felt his long hair almost rise from his neck on hearing the awful screams of a panther pierce the darkness, or the far off howls of wolves that were perhaps on his trail. Often the soft pattering of stealthy footfalls greeted his ears, and often gleaming eyes stared at him from leafy

hiding places. Often he was called upon to combat the owner of the fiery eyes, and not always was the hunter the victor.

But Farmer Bowen never suffered from worse than a semi-occasional nocturnal visit from a hungry catamount to his pig pen, or hen roost. Mr. Bowen and his excellent wife, with their large family of bright young children and well satisfied negroes, lived an industrious and happy life; but one day there happened an event that threatened to cloud their lives with sorrow. Their beautiful little daughter, Mary Ann, then six years of age, was the pride of their hearts and the light of their eyes. One afternoon Mr. Bowen sent one of his colored men into the adjacent wood to fell trees, and after a while, unknown to any one, little Mary Ann tied her little sunbonnet over her fair curls, and accompanied by her pet lamb, followed the man into the wood "to gather flowers," as she afterwards said, and fully expecting to find the colored man and return home with him; but she did not find him, and in her search wandered farther and farther into the forest until she became hopelessly lost. The shades of eve were falling when Mrs. Bowen missed her little daughter, and alarmed the household. Every nook and corner of the home-place underwent an unsuccessful search; then the neighborhood was aroused, and the half-frantic mother gathered her remaining children about her and wept and prayed the long night through, while men and boys, with torches and dogs, scoured the surrounding forest. They found a few bunches of withered wild flowers, and a tuft of soft white wool on a thorn bush; but it was dawn before they found the little child who was, half sitting, half reclining against a tree, miles from home, sound asleep with her little sunbonnet drawn over her tear-stained face, and the bloody head of her pet lamb clasped tightly in her chubby arms. The overjoyed father clasped his child to his breast, and strong men wept tears of horror and sympathy when the child told the story of the bloody lamb's head, and of the awful danger of which she was entirely unconscious. She told them of how she was met in the darkness—which was dimly illumined by the straggling light of the moon—by several "funny looking dogs" who sprang upon her poor little lamb and almost tore it to pieces before her eyes. Then "a big spotted cat" came and drove the "dogs" away. In the struggle the lamb's head was torn entirely off, and the "big spotted cat" disappeared with the body of the lamb. Then the weeping child took the bloody head of her unfortunate pet and wandered on and on until weariness overcame her and she sank to rest in the place where she was found. Amid the weird night sounds of the untracked forest, with the hooting of the owl in the tree above for a lullaby, the poor tired child soon fell asleep to awaken in the strong arms of her devoted father. Investigation proved the

"funny looking dogs" to have been wolves, and the "big spotted cat" an American panther of the largest size.

Thus did God hold the child "in the hollow of His hand" and no evil thing touched her. Mary Ann Bowen lived to tell her numerous children and many of her grandchildren the story of that night. There are many persons now living in Franklin and Anderson counties, Kentucky, whose immediate ancestors joined in that memorable search. Mary Ann Bowen lived to be a widow for the second time, and dying at a good old age—about thirty years ago—left many descendants, one of whom is the husband of the present writer.

The Student Who Surprised Us.

BY JNO. WEYMOUTH.

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MASON COLLEGE had reopened. All of the boys were back from their vacation with bright hearts and merry voices, looking as though they were going to study harder than ever, though boys always look that way at the opening of school.



Every train brought in scores of new boys, some bright-looking fellows who seemed at once to be at home, and others who looked the very picture of unhappiness and homesickness. It was at Mason, and is at all schools a custom to pick out one or two of the new boys who were green-looking, and making them the targets for all of their good-natured jokes for a week or two; and among the boys that alighted from the train on the second day there was one that was singled out at once as the particular object of this year's merriment. He was the best subject that I had yet seen; wearing a large, broad-brimmed slouch hat, pants that were called by the boys "half-masters," and a rusty Prince Albert coat that came to his knees. Out of his pocket protruded an old corn-cob pipe, and in his hand he carried an ungainly looking package from which hung a shirt sleeve and a sock leg.

The moment the boys spied him they pounced good-naturedly upon him; several went up and told him that they were a committee to escort him to the college.

He took the invitation courteously and followed the committee. Before he reached the college he had such signs on him as "A New Freak for the Museum," "Captured from the Jungles of Africa," and many other ludicrous labels.

He was shown to his quarters, and no one bothered him again before supper. After that meal was over, a crowd started over to his abode to have a little fun. They went in and he invited them to take seats. They all did, except a tall fellow who was to act as spokesman.

When every one was seated the fellow who was standing up began severely: "Where are you from?"

"I don't know, sir," was the meek answer.

"What is your name?" with a sly wink at his comrades.

"I haven't any, sir, its wore out," he innocently answered.

A titter ran around the room, and the smart student realized that he was being made a laughing-stock for the crowd. This angered him a little and he said fiercely:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No sir," returned the victim.

"I've a mind to strike you," yelled Kain, the spokesman.

"Please don't, I might break," calmly said the new man.

The whole room was in a roar of laughter, and Kain was terribly angry. He knew not what to do; with his face livid with rage, he sprang at the new man's fist, and in consequence measured his length upon the floor.

Rising up Kain said: "Boys, let's strap him, he's most too tart for this place."

Now the boys in their hearts sympathized and agreed with the new man, but, as boys will always do, they let their desire to tyrannize get the best of their good nature and consented to strap him.

Kain was allowed to do the hitting, and he did it unmercifully too, though our new friend smiled and joked all through it.

When the punishers finished they sneaked to their rooms knowing that it would be certain expulsion if the faculty found it out, because only the year, before, three men had been "shipped" for hazing.

The boys all retired, laughing the matter over among themselves and thinking lightly of it.

In the morning at breakfast nothing was seen of the witty stranger, but the boys who did the strapping laughingly said to themselves that he was afraid to face the boys after last night's work.

Finally the bell rang for prayers, and the boys filed slowly over in patches of three and four. There was something unusual going on at chapel this morning, everybody was in a roar of laughter, and as Kain and his party neared the door they hurried in, but there was no laughter for them, for up on the rostrum sat the victim of their night's fun. They tried to laugh, but it turned into a sickening grin which made them the object of all eyes.

They huddled together on a bench and consulted. What was he doing up there; surely he hadn't told all; if so, they were in a "bad boat," or maybe he didn't know any better and had taken one of the arm chairs on the platform through ignorance; but at any rate things looked dark for them.

When the bell stopped ringing and all of the boys were in, the President arose and said: "Young gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Radford, who has been elected to fill your chair of English literature. I trust you will all make your acquaintance with him shortly."

The boys did not know whether to laugh, shout, cheer or keep silent, except a few who knew very well what to do; and if their bodies could have dwindled in proportion to their spirits, they could have all been crowded into a quart cup.

Professor Radford arose and said: "Young gentlemen, I am glad to be among you and one of you, and hope to become acquainted with you all, especially with the young gentlemen who gave me such a warm reception last evening." (We're in for it now," said Kain.)

"I will meet my classes at eleven o'clock for organization." He bowed without a trace of awkwardness and sat down.

The President said: "Before you go I should like to ask Mr. Kain, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Egbert, Mr. Smith, Mr. Willett and Mr. Rayment to see me in my office after prayers."

"I am glad that I haven't unpacked my trunk," said Egbert. "We shall have to take the next train home."

Of course, everybody wondered what could be wanted with the boys mentioned, and as a result the hall in front of the office was packed

with curious seekers after some knowledge of the affair.

The President only gave the miscreants a talk, and took their word for their good behavior the balance of the session.

The boys tried to keep the affair a secret, but it would leak out, and they were made targets for all kinds of ridicule.

At his eleven o'clock lecture Prof. Radford handed a bundle to Kain's room-mate to be carried to him, and when Kain opened it he found the old clothes that the "Greenhorn" had arrived in with the small but prominent label "A souvenir of last night."

Kain tossed the packet carelessly on the bed and smiled, but his room-mate, Mart Hayes, who noticed more closely than Kain, surprised him by saying, "I don't wonder that he stood that strapping, look at the lining in those pants and on the back of the coat." And Kain didn't wonder either, when he saw a thick padding of cotton which evidently shielded the professor from all harm.

Kain went over and apologized to the new professor, who received it smilingly, and begged him not to worry himself about it.

Joe Dawson said: "I am glad we got off, but it was a sneaky way to find out who did the hazing."

"FRECK."

BY MINNIE THOMAS BOYCE.

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H A L L O Freck! Been a-rubbin' y'ur face in the fl'r bari aint y'ur?"

"Shut y'ur mouth," was the unladylike reply.

The first speaker was a mischievous looking boy about twelve years of age; he carried a couple of dilapidated looking school books in one hand and was aiming a half rotten apple-core with the

other at the person he had just addressed.

The girl who had made the unladylike reply was some two years his senior. Her dress was of some cheap woolen stuff patched in many places, but clean and tidy looking. An old faded shawl was tied under her chin, but served as a poor protection against the cold north winds.

Her features were not bad; the eyes were large, dark and thoughtful, her hair a shade darker was soft and luxuriant. She was neither tall or ungraceful as are most girls of fourteen who gain their height too rapidly, nevertheless Elva Glyn would never be called pretty, nor even good looking, for her poor little face was literally covered with pock-marks and freckles from forehead to chin.

Old "Grandmother Hurdle" had taken her out of the orphan's home at Everton to do chores and run errands for her some five years before the opening of this story, and the child proving remarkably kind and useful to the rheumatic old lady had remained at Miners Gap ever since.

She attended school three months out of every winter and was brighter than the majority of the children who came to the little log school house at the "cross-roads."

At first she had been quite a gay little thing and did not mind her disfigured face in the least, but by and by the small cracked mirror "Grannie" Hurdle always kept hanging above the comb-case in the kitchen told Elva a story she had better left unlearned. It told her she was not fair and pretty like Sallie Woods, that her skin was like leather by the side of Nellie Clayton's.

"I'm the ugliest little wretch in the world," she said to herself one morning when her skin looked a little more leathery than usual. "An' I wish I'd never a bin borned!" The little mirror was not called into service much after that but many and bitter were the tears the poor girl shed at the frequent jests of her companions.

As is usually the case when her school-mates found she was sensitive about her disfigured face they became more and more annoying and finally gave her the nick-name of "Freck."

The morning on which my story opens, thinking to improve her complexion somewhat, Elva had cautiously gone to "Grannie's" box of starch and vigorously rubbed some of it over her rough freckled face. Without waiting to even glance in the little cracked mirror she hurried off to school.

And this was the result, being asked by the very first one she met if her face had not been dipped in flour.

"Why what's the matter, 'Freck'?" went on the first speaker tauntingly giving one of her long plaits a pull. "Seems to me you temper needs a little greasin'."

"Leave my hair alone," almost screamed the girl angrily. "I haint agoin' to be ta'nted by you'ens any longer. I'm jest as good as Sallie Ewing if her face haint marked, an' if you don't quit a-makin' fun o' me, Fred Banner, you'll wish you had some o' these days."

Picking up a stone she held it threateningly looking at the boy with flashing eyes.

"Whew! haint she a little fury though," said he jeeringly, getting out of reach of the rock however.

"What's the matter, Elva?" asked a gentle voice and a pretty little girl with a face too old for her body reached the angry girl's side.

The newcomer had been unable to walk without the aid of a crutch almost from babyhood, but she had borne her affliction with a patience rarely met with in older persons.

"O Lettie!" exclaimed Elva, repentantly throwing down the rock with rather a guilty air. "I lowed to keep my word, honest I did, but when that Fred Banner gets to ta'ntin' me seems like I jist can't hold in a minute. I can't never be like you anyway an' what's the use a' tryin'?" despairingly.

"You needn't be like me," returned the cripple girl gently, "but they'd soon quit botherin' you if you'd jist go an' not pertend like you heard 'em. They used to call me 'Crip,' with a sensitive flush, 'but I jist never let on as if I knowed nothin' about it an' purty soon they all quit a-doin' it."

"But I can't do that o' way," was Elva's moody response. "It hurts so in here," putting her marked hand over her heart, while a sob came in her throat.

"I know it don't do any good to git mad but I jist feel sometimes like I want to fight the whole pile of 'em an' I will some o' these days," with a determined toss of her head.

"But that'd be worse'n ever," returned her motherly little companion. "The teacher might turn you out o' school; then how'd y'ur Grandma feel? they'd all call you names worse'n ever then."

"Well, what'd you do to keep from flyin' at 'em when they ta'nted you?" asked Elva curiously.

"I prayed," answered the cripple girl solemnly. "I prayed for God to help me to bear it. He knows. That's the way folks made fun o' Him onct; jist jeered at Him an' throwed sticks an' things in His face an' He didn't say nothin' to 'em at all, only jist looked sorry like an' didn't throw no sticks back an' now I guess them folks at done it's awful sorry an' wish they hadn't. He knows all 'bout me an' 'bout

you too but he's shown told me so onct an' I've been a-prayin' ever since. It helps me a heap," with a bright look at her companion.

"How'd you know it's Him's a helpin' you?" asked Elva incredulously. "Grannie prays a good deal but I can't make much out o' her prayin' she groans an' takes on at such a rate."

"You must pray for yourself," said Lettie earnestly, "then you'll know."

They reached the school-house door just then and farther confidence between them came to an end."

The Sunday following the day on which I write would be Easter and the thoughtful teacher had presented each pupil with a gay little card as a souvenir in memory of that day.

When Elva reached her desk she found this, and a mysterious looking pink envelope prettily decorated and addressed to herself, beside it.

Before opening her small "mystery" she turned round to smile at Lettie feeling sure she had been the giver of this pleasant little surprise.

Her humiliation was great, however when upon breaking the seal she found a card inside, a huge turkey egg drawn thereon covered with brown patches and grotesque features imprinted upon its surface by some cunning hand.

The teacher had left the room for a moment and a group of boys and girls stood near the door greatly enjoying poor Elva's discomfort.

She gave one glance at the envelope's contents, then threw both at the laughing group near the door. Not being satisfied with this small act of vengeance she picked up her slate and flew at the frightened boys and girls with the ferocity of a wild cat.

"You mean, hateful, stupid things," she screamed as the slate came down mercilessly upon their uncovered heads.

One boy more daring than his fellows attempted to take it from her, but she doubled up her small fist and struck him square in the eye.

Just at this critical moment the teacher re-entered the room. She took Elva by the shoulder and asked kindly: "Now Elva, what's the matter?"

The girl quieted by the gentle tone and protecting touch upon her shoulder sobbed out her story, and Miss Brown in a few well-chosen words gave the pupils of Miners Gap school-house a lesson they did not soon forget.

She kept Elva after school that evening and when the room became empty took the poor marked, tear stained face between her hands and said winningly: "Now little girl I am not going to punish you so do not look so frightened. But I just want to tell you a little story of patience and forbearance."

Then she told Elva the same sweet story—only in a more connected way—that Lettie had told her before and our little heroine started for "Grannie" Hurdle's humble room in a manner comforted.

Miss Brown's last words had been: "Elva, try in every way you can to make the scholars love you. Do not go alone so much. Take an interest in their little pleasures and sorrows; do some kindly act whenever you can to help some boy or girl along; then you will forget all about yourself and think more of others. They will not notice your marked face when they learn to like and respect you. Faces we love are always beautiful to us." These last words had a great effect on Elva. She kept repeating them over to herself:

"Faces we love are always beautiful to us."

All that week the memory of them kept ringing in her heart and one evening when all the other girls refused to carry Fred Banner's book while he played snow-ball on the way home, Elva remembering Miss Brown's words about helping others called pleasantly: "I'll carry 'em for you Fred if you want me to."

The surprised boy looked up half pleased, half ashamed, and gave them to her without a word.

He told some of the boys when he returned to them that "Elva Glyn wasn't such a bad un after all, 'purty is as purty does,' you know."

After that little episode he was Elva's staunch ally and friend, which fact helped her much for Fred had hitherto been her chief tormentor.

The boys soon learned that whenever their kites did not fly just right, whenever their balls needed mending, whenever an extra marble was needed no one could help them out so deftly and with so little fuss as their once despised school-mate.

The girls also soon began to go to her with their little troubles and no other would help them work out a hard example so willingly as "Freck."

Miss Brown noticed the change and encouraged her young disciple greatly by her kindly smiles and womanly words of encouragement.

A decided change for the better had indeed taken place in Elva. To be sure the pock-marks and freckles would always be there, but the large eyes had lost their sullen dissatisfied look and the mouth was not drawn so pitifully down at the corners.

Lettie noticed the change also and asked one day in her quiet motherly way: "Haint you been a prayin', Elva?"

"Yes," was her friend's answer and with a burst of confidence: "O Lettie I'll jist never forget you and Miss Brown as long as I live. I haint ever expectin' to be good like you an' her but I'm a tryin' an' Miss Brown says that's all a body can do. I wish I'd a bin borned good like you," regretfully.

"I wasn't borned good," returned Lettie quickly while a flush crept over her little pale face. "I'm real mean lots o' times an' git cross 'cause I can't run an' play like other girls. Then you haint had no ma to help you like I have," with generous warmth.

"No," responded Elva sadly, "I haint had no ma or pa but 'Grannie's' been most as good an' when I git bigger I low to take keer of her same as if she's my very own 'Grannie'. So she won't be sorry she took me."

Before Lettie could make any reply Fred Banner came running up to them screaming:

"The school-house's afire! the school-house's afire!"

Elva commenced to run without waiting for farther particulars, while Lettie hurried after her as fast as her crutch would allow. When Elva reached the spot she found the roof of the little building in flames.

"Where's Miss Brown?" she asked, not seeing her beloved teacher.

"She thought Nettie Blackie's little brother was left in and went to see," returned one of her companions.

"When?" asked Elva fearfully.

"A minute ago," answered some boy, "an' if she don't come out purty soon she'll be a goner."

Without waiting to hear the latter part of his speech Elva rushed into the burning building while the frightened cries of her companions were warning her to stay out.

Half blinded by heat and smoke she found Miss Brown stretched lifeless between the farther wall and the door. Elva took her by the arms half lifting, half dragging her with a strength only borne of fright.

She succeeded in getting almost out of the door with her insensible burden when one of the loosened beams fell and struck her cruelly on the head.

Fred Banner and some of the older boys rushed forward and dragging both Miss Brown and Elva away from the flaming mass placed them in safety on a grassy knoll some distance from the school-house.

Miss Brown recovered almost instantly under a deluge of cold water, suggested by the thoughtful Lettie.

The teacher immediately applied all the restoratives in her power to revive her faithful little preserver but in vain.

Fred was dispatched to Miners Gap for aid when Farmer Hilt drove up with his big hay wagon and after listening to Miss Brown's fearful explanation of the accident, he lifted the injured girl carefully on the soft straw and in company with the sorrowful teacher and several scholars started to the village.

The best medical aid the "Gap" afforded was secured for the brave girl but her injuries proved beyond human skill.

Miss Brown was tireless in her attention. She and Lettie sat over the sick girl's bed day and night, but even under their gentle hands and loving care Elva grew rapidly worse.

She regained consciousness for a few moments one evening when Miss Brown sat by her side, and looking at her teacher with great solemn eyes attempted to say something.

Miss Brown leaned over the couch till her head almost touched the little sufferer's.

"What is it dear?" she asked softly, an anxious look came over the wan face and the child asked gaspingly:

"Do you—re-ekon—my—face'll—be—marked—up—there?"

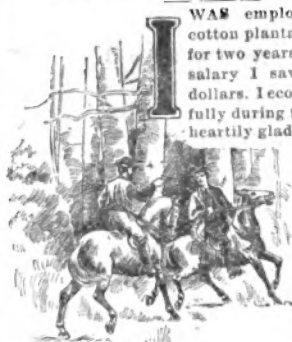
"No, no, my darling," was Miss Brown's quick reply while the hot tears dimmed her eyes. "You will be one of the fairest of God's children, I know."

A look of unutterable peace came over the dying girl's face, and holding one of her teacher's hands she fell asleep.

ROBBED.

BY G. E. BENNETT.

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I WAS employed on a large cotton plantation in Arkansas for two years, and out of my salary I saved one hundred dollars. I economized wonderfully during the time, and was heartily glad when the money was safe in the bank, for one hundred dollars was the amount I determined to accumulate before starting out in business for myself.

When I became the proud possessor of this sum I embarked in the fur business. I would take extended trips into the back settlements, collect a lot of furs, return to the railroad and ship them to a dealer in New York.

As soon as I received returns from the shipment I was ready again for another trip.

One bright morning in November found me jogging along the trail, on my mustang pony, bound for Redlick settlement in Limestone valley, distant forty miles.

The surrounding scenery was grand. Far away the river wound its way between glittering sand bars. Across the river, in the smoky distance, the mountains reared their pine crested summits. Viewed through the haze of Indian summer the scene was picturesque.

The cool air was exhilarating. I was in excellent spirits, and I began to sing a rollicking song. Suddenly my song was rudely interrupted.

As I turned an abrupt curve in the trail I found myself confronted by two roughly dressed, evil looking men. One held a long barreled rifle and the other an ugly looking horse pistol pointed directly at my head.

"Halt thar, young man!" challenged the man on the right, a tall fellow with a ferocious mustache.

I halted. I was aware that highway robbery was by no means a rare occurrence in this sparsely settled region. I had prepared for just such occasions as this by purchasing a revolver, which I carried in an inside coat pocket, but the two rascals completely surprised me, and had me covered before I fairly realized the situation.

"Will ye please hand over thar little roll uv greenbacks ye hev about ye?" asked the short rogue, with a supercilious smile, as he cocked his pistol.

"Yes, gentlemen," I replied, "I haven't much money, but what little I've got you're welcome to."

"Come, come, now," said the tall man, "don't waste any breath, young man. You've got a hundred or so—seed ye draw it at th' bank! So shell 'er out!"

Very reluctantly I took out my pocket-book and handed over my "little roll."

The tall man seized it, shoved it down into one of his pants pockets, and said:

"Now spur up, an' ride ahead as fast as ye kin, an' don't ye look behind ye. If ye do, like as not we'll take a notion t' shoot ye."

I needed no urging, and putting my pony on the gallop, I soon left the highwaymen a mile behind. When this distance intervened between us, I reined in my pony and burst into a loud, hearty laugh. I took off my hat, swung it around my head, and hallooed and laughed until my sides fairly ached.

Now, no doubt, the reader will think this a very strange and foolish proceeding for one who had only a short time before been robbed of a sum of money.

Let me explain. Traveling, as I did, unfrequented and lonely roads, I had often pondered upon the probability of being robbed, and had concocted a scheme to outwit the highwaymen in case an attempt was made to rob me.

My father had given me a number of Confederate bills, which I had kept merely as relics. These bills when rolled up resembled the genuine U. S. green-back. To make the resemblance more striking I wrapped a genuine one dollar bill around them. I placed the roll in my pocket-book, and my "pure stuff" I stowed away in an inner jacket pocket. The old Confederate roll, "sugar coated" with the one dollar bill, was the one I passed over to the robbers.

The trick had proved such a charming success that I was tickled immoderately. In imagination I saw the looks of surprise and disgust that would settle upon the faces of the robbers, and heard their angry exclamations when they discovered the hoax. I considered myself a very clever young man, and after my laugh relaxed into a happy state of self-satisfaction.

At dusk I reached a settler's cabin, where I spent the night. I related my adventure with the robbers to my host, explained how I had so completely fooled them, and he joined me in a jolly laugh when I ended.

Next morning as soon as breakfast was over I departed.

At noon I halted, ate a cold lunch I had brought from the settler's cabin, and then resumed my journey.

Dark, lowering clouds had obscured the sky, and presently a drizzling rain set in. I had just crossed a small creek and was entering a clump of willows when I heard the "spang" of a rifle, and a bullet whistled by my head. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment I was dragged from my pony by strong arms, and I found myself face to face with the two men who had endeavored to rob me the day before!

My heart beat violently and I trembled like a reed. They had discovered the trick I had played on them, had headed me off, and now I expected no mercy at their hands.

"Oh, we've got ye!" hissed the tall man, giving me a savage shake. "You little oney pup, you! Thought ye was smart, didn't ye? But ye're not so daggoned sharp as ye think ye are! Couldn't palm off yer ol' Confederate on us! No, sirc; we're not them kind o' hair pins!"

They went through my pockets roughly, taking my hard earned money and my revolver.

"Thar now," said the tall scoundrel, "guess we've got what we want now! Ye kin keep thar ol' one eyed pony uv yours, but the next time ye tries t' play a trick on me an' Bill, hyar, ye'll bite cold lead! Good-bye, sonny!"

They turned and disappeared in the forest. Sadly I mounted my pony, and turning his head toward home rode slowly off. I did not feel the least bit like laughing any just then. I had fallen several notches in my own estimation, and my thoughts were far from pleasant ones. All I now possessed in the world was my "ol' one eyed pony."

I went to work on the plantation, saved some more money, but I did not resume the fur business.

FREE VALENTINES.

We have some sweet pretty valentines which we are giving away to all who would like to take our beautiful Magazine, COMFORT on trial for the next three months. They are the regular cupid darts made up with Lace and Lithograph work, and we also include an assortment of comics. Send 6 cents to MORSE & Co., Box 359, Augusta, Maine, for trial subscription and we mail valentine package free.

FULL GROWN HAIR IN 21 DAYS—Dr. J. C. Morrow's Hair Restorer. 25c. A bottle of Morrow's Hair Restorer will grow hair on balding heads, and on thinning hair. It is a sure cure for dandruff, itching scalp, and all other scalp troubles. Send 25c. to Morrow's Hair Restorer Co., 101 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

HOME Studies FREE Book-Keeping & Shorthand. Only one student in each town given this privilege. Send stamps for full and full information, Perin's Commercial College, Buffalo, N.Y.

BEATTY Pianos, Organs, \$33 up. Want agts. Catle Free. Dan F. Beatty, Wash ton, N.J.

\$20 A WEEK Ladies receive who write for us at home. Reply with addressed stamped envelope. Woman's Co-Operative Toilet Co., South Bend, Ind.

YOUR LIFE

FUTURE in love, business, and life. Write. Write. PREDICTION, 10c. Read age, sex, and look of hair. ASTROLOGER, BOX 5278, Boston, Mass.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM. Improved EXCELSIOR Incubator. Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful operation. Send 6c. for illus. Cata. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

WARM FEET ALL WINTER \$1 PAIR, 3 PAIR \$2. 6 CENTRAL MUSIC HALL. MAGNETIC SHIELD CO. CHICAGO.

FAT FOLKS Reduced, 45 lbs. a month; any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Umphrey, Tekamah, Kas., says: "I lost 50 lbs. and feel splendid." No Starving. No Sickness. Particulars (sealed) 2c. Hall & Co., Box 404 R. St. Louis, Mo.

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

Dr. Checlun's Electric Spavin Cure positively removes Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint or Curb in 48 hours without pain. \$500 reward for failure or slightest injury. The greatest wonder of the Nineteenth Century astonishing as it does the entire veterinary world. Circulars and testimonials free. Nichols Mfg Co., 378 Canal St., New York.

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS RUPTURE CURED. Positively Holds Rupture. WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of rupture.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent securely sealed by G. V. HOUSE MFG. CO., 744 Broadway, N.Y. City.

FREE We will insert your name in our MAIL LIST which we send to Publishers all over the U. S. You will get Hundreds of sample copies of Newspapers, Story Papers, Magazines, Books, Novels, etc., FREE. You will get an abundance of the best reading matter sent you, if you send one dime for our charming story paper One Year on trial. Our paper contains interesting stories of Love, Romance, Detective and Adventure, and will surely please you. Wrap the dime in a piece of paper when you put it in the envelope. Address: NEWS, Box 11, Avon, N. Y. We will send you a valuable and handsome present if you answer this within ten days.

\$4.50 HUNTING CASE. A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal to any other, name to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$4.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfied. And if you will or cannot the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

99 PATTERNS AND MANUAL FREE OF INSTRUCTIONS. LATEST STAMPING OUTFIT. BEAUTIFUL PROFITABLE WORK. KENSINGTON STAMPING was never more popular than to-day. Many ladies making high wages working at home, odd hours. Besides beautifying your own name you can make life every 5 minutes you stamp patterns. If you only devote 3 hours a day to it, the small sum of \$5 and over comes in, as the prices range from 5c. to \$1 for each pattern you stamp. An inventive genius has lately modernized machinery for turning out these patterns by the hundred yards as fast as you can roll off a ball of yarn, so their cost is barely nothing to what it was last year. We send the patterns on strips about two feet long and seven inches wide. Nearly as good as many 50c. and \$1 ones now being sold. We buy so many of this one kind that we can send every other dealer on price. Our beautiful combined outfit consisting of nearly 100 of the largest variety of patterns, each from about a foot long down to single alphabet letters. We cannot describe them, not having room to go into detail, but in order to introduce our magazine, "COMFORT," with its greatly improved departments, we will send the above outfit, Free, postpaid, to all three months (3c.) subscribers, and also send a new book or Manual of Instruction in the art of stamping. Just printed. It describes how to make all colors of powder, and instructs you in every manner of working the patterns. If you enclose 12c., at once, we make you a present of above. MORSE & Co., Box 70 Augusta, Maine.



BEAUTIFUL PROFITABLE WORK. KENSINGTON STAMPING was never more popular than to-day. Many ladies making high wages working at home, odd hours. Besides beautifying your own name you can make life every 5 minutes you stamp patterns. If you only devote 3 hours a day to it, the small sum of \$5 and over comes in, as the prices range from 5c. to \$1 for each pattern you stamp. An inventive genius has lately modernized machinery for turning out these patterns by the hundred yards as fast as you can roll off a ball of yarn, so their cost is barely nothing to what it was last year. We send the patterns on strips about two feet long and seven inches wide. Nearly as good as many 50c. and \$1 ones now being sold. We buy so many of this one kind that we can send every other dealer on price. Our beautiful combined outfit consisting of nearly 100 of the largest variety of patterns, each from about a foot long down to single alphabet letters. We cannot describe them, not having room to go into detail, but in order to introduce our magazine, "COMFORT," with its greatly improved departments, we will send the above outfit, Free, postpaid, to all three months (3c.) subscribers, and also send a new book or Manual of Instruction in the art of stamping. Just printed. It describes how to make all colors of powder, and instructs you in every manner of working the patterns. If you enclose 12c., at once, we make you a present of above. MORSE & Co., Box 70 Augusta, Maine.

OUR BIG ALBUM PREMIUM.

ELEGANT SILK EMBOSSED PLUSH ALBUMS, leaves highly decorated with Daisies, Ferns, Golden Rod, etc., etc. Extension Silvered Clasp, Gilt Edge, Spring back and the most stylish, best gotten up LARGE PHOTO ALBUM ever imported into America, being a foot long, over nine inches wide and more than three inches thick, coming in finest colors. Most tastefully arranged leaves for cabinet and photo size pictures you ever saw. They will last for years, and you can now get one of these superb premiums FREE for a Club of 6 yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 25c. each. We do not sell them but if you have not time to obtain all the subscriptions, you can subscribe for some of your friends and sell the Album for several dollars as it is such as was sold for \$8.00 at one time. Address, PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THE MYSTIC CASTLE.

Correspondence in this department should be addressed to Oldcastle, Ulica, N. Y. Correct name and address should accompany every communication, even when a nom de plume is used.

I am very sorry that the copy for "The Mystic Castle" was so delayed that it failed of publication in December COMFORT.

Two letters of the alphabet were not to be found in the October batch of Mysteries, q nor z. It was intended to include "Prizes for Solutions" in the contest, which would have left q the only missing letter, but by a slight error of omission in the announcement, it was not.

Either q or z was accepted as a correct solution. Lack of space forbids mentioning others than the prize winners. These are:

1. Minne A. Polls. 2. Jeannette S. Nally. 3. Cow-boy. 4. Locust.

Accepted contributions:—Sear, 9; Rokeby, 8; Cow-boy, U. Telle, 7; Bourgeois, 4; Roy, Oedipus, Osceola, Maj. Nimbus, 2; Swamp Angel, Frantz, Lilla W. Sickler, Dylac, Calo, H. Ebus, Ypsie, So So and Frank Sebring one each.

The prizes for the best contributions in verse, relative to the Holidays, are awarded to Swamp Angel and Lilla W. Sickler respectively.

Solvers to September Mysteries:—W. E. Wiatt, Waldemar and Minne A. Polls, 12; Sear, 10; Tyro, 9; P. A. Stime, Cowboy and Ypsie, 9; Calo, 7; Swamp Angel, 6; Osceola, 4; Thinker, 3; So So, 2.

Prize-Winners:—1. W. E. Wiatt. 2. Waldemar. 3. Minne A. Polls. Specials:—1. So So. 2. Tyro.

Solvers to October Mysteries:—Tyro, Eglantine, 8; Swamp Angel, Essay, Ben Net and H. A. Watha, 7; Sear, So So, Ypsie, Cowboy and Lomax, 6; Thinker and Roy, 5; Minne A. Polls and Keystone, 4; Bourgeois and U. Telle, 3; Frank K. Sebring, R. Ebus, Locust and Bison, 2; "C. K. Renim," and Sherman B. Johnson, 2.

Prize-winners:—1. Tyro. 2. Eglantine. 3. Swamp Angel. Specials:—1. Essay. 2. Sear.

SOLUTIONS TO SEPTEMBER MYSTERIES.

No. 335. 1. VACUNA. 2. AXONES. 3. COMBES.

4. UNABLE. 5. NEELLES. 6. ASSESS.

No. 336. 1. VASSAL. 2. ACTIVE. 3. STORES. 4. SIRENS.

5. AVERAGE. 6. LESSEN. 7. MILLIS.

No. 337. 1. TAMPOE. 2. ANIERS. 3. MILLIS.

4. PELAGE. 5. ORIGAN. 6. ESSENE.

No. 338. 1. BLEARS. 2. LINNET. 3. ENTICE.

4. ANIMAL. 5. RECALL. 6. STELLS.

No. 339. 1. SHAVER. 2. HUMANE. 3. AMANDA.

4. VANDAL. 5. ENDALL. 6. REALLY.

No. 340. 1. CERTES. 2. ENERVE. 3. REGION.

4. TRIALS. 5. EVOLVE. 6. SENSES.

No. 341. 1. ACORUS. 2. CANINE. 3. ONYCHA.

4. RICHIE. 5. UNHELE. 6. SEARED.

No. 342. 1. CYCLE. 2. YEOMEN. 3. BOREAS.

4. EMERGE. 5. LEAGUE. 6. ENSEEL.

No. 343. 1. EMBRYO. 2. MORATS. 3. BRASTS.

4. RASURE. 5. YTTRIA. 6. OSEAN.

No. 344. 1. PACANES. 2. AZAROLE. 3. CANARIA.

4. ARABIST. 5. NORICH. 6. ELISION. 7. SEATING.

No. 345. 1. INTAGLIO. 2. NEATRESS. 3. TAMTAMES.

4. ATTITUDE. 5. GRATEFUL. 6. LEMUPUGE.

7. ISUDUCIT. 8. OSSELETS.

SOLUTIONS TO OCTOBER'S MYSTERIES.

No. 347. Tie-douloureux.

No. 348. Great talkers are little doers.

No. 349. 1. E. 2. No. 3. Encase. 4. Olives. 5. Ovens.

6. Sender. 7. Essense. 8. Re. 9. S.

No. 350. 1. L. 2. Is. 3. Liberal. 4. Secede. 5. Rebus.

6. Adults. 7. Lestrils. 8. Si. 9. S.

No. 351. USE. No. 352. Sop-his-tic-ate.

UNLSTER. No. 353. Memorial Day.

UNLEST. No. 354. Itself.

LUPIN. No. 355. The Mystic Castle.

BRANT. No. 356. 1. D. 2. Dim.

SPHERE. No. 357. 3. Fraud. 4. Drilled. 5.

SLAVERY. No. 358. 6. Muleted. 7.

TIBROD. Dialectic. 8. Did. 9. E.

ENEMA. Deter. 8. Did. 9. E.

ENROBE. Deter. 8. Did. 9. E.

ENROBE. Deter. 8. Did. 9. E.

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ENROBE. Deter. 8. Did. 9. E.

ENROBE. Deter. 8. Did. 9. E.

And with a riddle stated fair
She every lover tried;
He must plant a grove of ten straight rows
Five trees must every row disclose.
And twenty-one the whole compose—
And he had won his bride.

In the "Mystic Castle" is gathered a band
Of the bravest "Knights" in our "Mystic Land";
Solvers and writers of puzzles grand—
Each one is true and tried.
To them I bring this riddle here
Nor doubt but that the mists they'll clear,
And make the answer straight appear
On this glad Christmas tide.
Rock Falls, Ills., SWAMP ANGEL.

No. 377. Enigma.
You may take the Goddess of the chase,
The one that sure heads brings;
And turn her 'round and 'round about
And the Goddess you'll have of spades.
Grafton, Illinois, LOMAX.

No. 378. Anagram.
(Awarded Second Prize.)
(A Scriptural Quotation.)
SEE IT—HOW HEAVEN STAR SHINES AFTER.

O star of hope, whose ray divine
The shepherds led, to Mary's child,
Shine, on this darkened life of mine—
To light the way so lone and wild.

And in the midnight of despair—
Angelic beam of Heaven's own light
Come to me then—a vision fair
As on the Christ-child's natal night.

Linger bright star in Heaven's dome;
Shine on, shine on, and do not cease
Until I reach that Heavenly home,
Where I shall find the "Prince of Peace."
(Inscribed to "Frantz.")

Pala, Cal., LILLA W. SICKLER.

No. 379. Deletion.
Oceans of joy in the Yule Tide,
Beautiful pleasures and blessings beside,
Hearts warm and true, with love overflowing,
Rivalling each other, alternately showing
With their gifts and remembrance, regard and esteem,
Making the time one bright fairy dream.

Oh! the long-ago past of the olden time,
Total 'ye've come with your glory sublime,
Redemption of heavenly blessings on earth,
Who can bespeak your matchless worth?

Joys undescribed that time cannot first,
Joys undefined that time cannot worst,
Beauteous ye are in your yearly donation,
Making one day an Elysian ovalon.
Binghamton, N. Y., FRANTZ.

No. 380. Square.
1. A branch. 2. A military robe. 3. Shapes. 4.

To gather. 5. The American shad, (Supp.) 6. Endured.

San Francisco, Cal., SEAR.

No. 381. Double Diamond.
Across. 1. A letter. 2. A worthless man. 3. A

French geographical name. 4. A sort of bean. 5. Alkaloids obtained from the cabbage bark tree. 6. One who appears, (obs.) 7. Roots. 8. That which shuts the opening of a vessel. 9. A letter.

Down. 1. A letter. 2. Casual event. 3. A name applied to a resinous substance. 4. A species of lynx. 5. A supposed peculiar acid. 6. Enumerated. 7. Whines. 8. A resinous substance. 9. A letter.

Park Side, Ills., COWBOY.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. For the best list, two dozen nicely written visiting cards, (offered by Oldcastle.)

2. For the next best list, a year's subscription to COMFORT.

3. For the third best list, "The Jewel Stamping Outfit."

SPECIALS:—Fountain Pen of Comfort and Carl's

Treasure Cabinet of Puzzles, etc., awarded by lot among the rest of the solvers.

Competition closes March 1, 1893. Solutions, solvers and prize-winners in April "Mystic Castle."

ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

THE toadstool no doubt suggested the first umbrella, which important article has its lighter as well as its more serious history.

Every nation has its own way of considering this article; for instance, in Germany a

soldier is strictly forbidden carrying an open umbrella unless he is accompanied by a

lady, while in Paris years ago the national guards could be seen going to exercise with a

musket in one hand and an umbrella in the other. It was not

unknown in England during the earlier half of the eighteenth century. Many of the umbrellas first in use

were of green oiled canvas, with huge ribs of whalebone.

As a canopy of state umbrellas were generally used in the south of Europe, and the English name is

borrowed from the Italian *ombrella*.

An ancient book of "Chinese Ceremonies" refers to the use of the umbrella about A.D. 300, and in India it was formerly a part of the king's title that he was

"Lord of the twenty-four umbrellas."

Even now it has not wholly lost its emblematic meaning. In certain parts of Africa the ruling chiefs are referred to as "Umbrella-wearing Chiefs." Among the Arabs it is a mark of distinction, and in Morocco the emperor and his family alone are allowed to use it.

The earliest specimens were very heavy and inconvenient. They were made of oiled silk or glazed cotton cloth, the stretchers were of cane, and the ribs of whalebone. The ribs and stretchers were jointed together very roughly. The prices were so high that but few people could afford one. Later on, steel was introduced in place of whalebone, and the weight and size was thus greatly reduced. Improvements in the manner of construction, new materials for covering and reduction in prices soon gave importance to the umbrella market. London tradesmen sell many millions of dollars worth of umbrellas.

Those who wish to protect their umbrellas should observe the following rules: It should be enclosed in a case when not in use. In walking, it should be grasped by the handle and not by the silk, otherwise that portion which is held will become worn. When wet it should be loosely closed and hung from the handle until it is dry. Then roll it up carefully. To do this, take the umbrella by the handle, shake it so that the folds hang naturally, and then slip the hand which grasps the handle down further until it grasps the tips of the steel ribs. Now begin at the point, and with the other hand wrap the folds neatly and snugly about the frame, securing it with the tape and button.

The great importance of the umbrella is shown by its general use. It is met with in every possible variety from the Napoleon blue silk of the London exquisite to the coarse green cotton of the Irish scrub-woman, and its fair-weather relative, the parasol, or sunshade, varies in material from the pearl-handled, lace-fringed French article to the combination of brilliant paper and bamboo of the Japanese.

No more amusing sight can be imagined than the market-place of some quaint old German town during a heavy shower, when all cover themselves with a portable tent of every conceivable color which cotton can be made to assume.

We joke about the umbrella, we borrow it from confiding friends, we fly to it for shelter—and then forget the service it renders us, and treat it with neglect. Yet it is among the conveniences that have contributed to lengthen the average of human life, and its manufacture has added greatly to the world's comfort and well-being.

FRANK.

No. 360. Numerical.

All men are sinners, so 'tis said,
None 4, 2, this world who is free from sin;
And when we think of this we may be led
To say, "What a world this, to live in."

But here we are, and here we'll have to stay,
Though many are not 3, 1, 7 to live, I'll own;
Yet we have a 3, 6, 5 ruler, who night and day,
Guides us, and "complete" mercy he has shown.
Ithaca, N. Y., So So.

(2) 1. In Remlap. 2. A Chinese measure of length (Supp.). 3. Any weight. 4. Huge (obs.). 5. The spider-crab. 6. A smooth glossy surface. 7. A tenet held by several persons. 8. Lieutenant (abbr.) 9. A letter.

Dell Roy, Ohio, OSCEOLA.

(2) 1. A letter. 2. A small lake. 3. A grammar (obs.). 4. Those who carry away dirt and filth. 5. A plant of the genus adoxa. 6. Genera of plants. 7. Observers. 8. Ropes. 9. A river of Prussia. 10. Musical syllables. 11. A letter.

Bangor, Pa., T. HINKER.

(2) 1. A girl's name. 2. Ten or twelve grains. 3. A little wheel. 4. A kind of earth. 5. A medicine. 6. Doting. 7. An open surface.

South Aeworth, N. H., TYRO.

(3) 1. A surgeon. 2. A Burman measure. 3. Pertaining to old age. 4. To forgetten (obs.). 5. Dismissal (rare). 6. A musical composition. 7. A large bird.

Albany, N. Y., REMLAP.

No. 376. A Riddle.

(Awarded First Prize.)

In the frowning castle were gathered a band
Of the bravest and fairest in all the land;
There were noble knights and ladies grand,
On that glad Christmas tide.

Each one who lands of the Earl did hold
And many another warrior bold,
For a wedding there was as I've been told
And the Earl's son took a bride.

The mistletoe hung on the rafters tall
And in every part of the Gothic hall;
Its berries white on the dark oak wall
Each seemed to stand alone.

The holly dark with the others white
Bent glossy leaves and berries bright.
That, touched by the blazing Yule-log's light
In ruby lustre shone.

The bride was a maid of beauty rare
With bright blue eyes and shining hair;



Any—"Papa, dear, Mr. Hunker says he loves the ground I walk on." Papa—"No doubt, my daughter. Young Hunker wants the earth."—S. G. & Co's Monthly

An Artistic Disappointment.

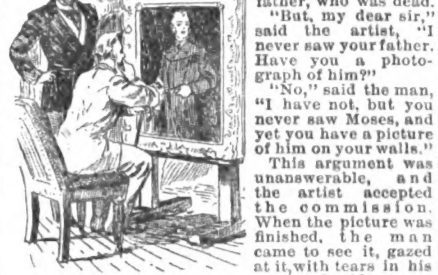
Mr. Harry Furniss, the well-known Parliamentary caricaturist, whose drawings in "Punch" make all London laugh, relates that on one occasion a man came to a friend of his and asked him to paint a portrait of his father, who was dead.

"But, my dear sir," said the artist, "I never saw your father. Have you a photograph of him?"

"No," said the man, "I have not, but you never saw Moses, and yet you have a picture of him on your walls."

"This argument was unanswerable, and the artist accepted the commission. When the picture was finished, the man came to see it, gazed at it, with tears in his eyes, and said:

"Dear me, is that father? How he has changed."



"Dear me, is that father? How he has changed."

HOW HE PERFORMED THE MIRACLE.

There once lived a man known as Little Octave whose rogueries kept the town in a ferment. At one time he claimed to

have discovered a specific for the rejuvenescence of women, and, by means of

sensational advertising, he succeeded in gathering a clientele of forty or fifty

ancient dames, who were assembled, on a certain day, in a long room

tricked out with astrological symbols, crucibles, alembics, and all the paraphernalia of

charlatanism. The conjurer presented himself before the ladies, and addressed them in flamboyant

language, ending as follows: "And now, my dear ladies, I am now

adored of my soul, it is needful that the mystic ceremonies before us be opened by the eldest one among you."

Then, addressing her whose appearance seemed to indicate priority, he asked her age. "Thirty-seven years, senior," simpered the lady who was, at least, in the seventh decade. "And you, my dear miss?"

"Thirty-six." And so on, until he had got them down to a declared age of twenty years, with a maximum of thirty-seven. "Well, ladies all, you perceive that, without further proceedings, the miracle is accomplished," said he, "for the least gallant of men could not call her aught but young whose years are but thirty-seven—and you see for yourselves that is the age of the oldest among you!"

Free Admission Tickets to the World's Fair are being offered by the Chicago Scale Company. Send them your address.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

"Come rest in this bosom," "Comrades," and 142 other very popular songs with music will be sent free if you address Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, and enclose 4c. for postage when writing for new catalogue and premium list for COMFORT.

LADIES' FANCY WORK SET.

We have just imported thousands of Crochet Sets, they contain 3 vegetable ivory and steel crochet hooks different sizes, coming in a screw top wooden case; these sets are what every lady wants in her work basket or for pocket companion. One hook sells for 10c. at stores, but The Publishers of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, desire to have all read the grand February issue and will send one of these complete sets free to all who send 4c. for mailing same together with sample copy of February COMFORT.

SILK AND SATIN RIBBONS GIVEN AWAY.

We have a special Premium Bargain Offer this month in the way of Ladies' wear. Desiring to get all the yearly subscribers we can, to start the New Year with we will give one of our regular packages of Pileot and Crown Edge Ribbons of latest and fashionable style shades for only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. As these packages contain a variety of different lengths from one yard each and upward, for hat and bonnet ties, bows, scarfs, etc., etc. this offer is especially rare at this time, and will only hold good for 30 days. We have a Lace or Hamburg yearly subscribers, or if 6 subscribers are obtained at one time we will send all three packages, all charges paid. Address, Publishers of COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

RUPTURE A positive radical Cure at home. (Sealed) Book giving full particulars. Sent Free. Address DR. W. S. RICE, Box C. Smithville, Jeff. Co., N. Y.

Family Records
And Other FINE PICTURES And
Line of FRAMES for
AGENTS.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS!
If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our enlarged life-like CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artist's portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to us. (Established in 1876.) Reference: Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture free of charge. Address all letters to **TANQUERAY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Life in the Woods.

A Guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of all kinds of animals. It gives the right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait traps for minks, weasels, skunks, hawks, owls, gophers, birds, squirrels, muskrats, foxes, rabbits, raccoons, etc.; how to make and use birdlime. How to catch alive all kinds of birds; how to tell the true value of skins; how to skin all animals; deodorize, stretch and cure them; to dress and tan skins, furs and leather; to tan with or without wool or hair; to skin and stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; how to fish successfully without nets, spears, snare, or bobber; or bait (aggressive); how to choose and clean guns; how to breed minks for their skins (hundreds of dollars can be made by any one who knows how to breed minks), etc. Sent post paid, 30c.; 3 for 75c.; 1 doz. \$2. STANDARD SUPPLY HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

FORTUNES TOLD by cards, etc., are not reliable. Send 20 cents for written prediction of your future and PEN PICTURE of future husband and wife, as revealed by astrology. Give date of birth. Address: **ASTROLOGER, Lock Box 117,**



MY DEAR FRIENDS:
I have so many letters this month that I will omit usual talk and reading with you, and let you have all the space for yourselves. My heart is full of sympathy for you at the beginning of this new year, which means to many the opening of another year of suffering, with few bright spots in the darkness; but, dear friends,

"God's ways are dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day."
Take courage, and look up!
"I know your life is a darkened one,
But the clouds will drift away,
And the sunlight of gladness shine out bright
For you some time, some day.
Then keep a brave heart through the battle of life,
Remembering this always,
That for every night of sorrow,
Will be given a glad, bright day."

"I have been a Shut-In for several years; but, dear friends, I have not found it all clouds. We have that magic word *hope*, which is good and useful, and if anchored in the right way, let words of affairs go as they will, all is well as to our eternal welfare. If we would lay aside selfishness, and not think of ourselves as the worst afflicted persons in the world, perhaps we can find some way to alleviate the sufferings of those worse off than ourselves. And cousins who are blessed with good health, and with this world's goods, do not miss an opportunity to assist the helpless in any way, for thus you are obeying the Master's command. Although physically weak, my mental faculties have retained their vigor, so that I have been able to read and study, and use of humanity, and gives us a better knowledge of the world at large; and I think we have more charity for the human family, both rich and poor, by reading the standard literature of the day. I should be glad to receive some letters from the cousins, as I live in an out-of-the-way country place, and have been isolated from the society of young folks so long. Although a Shut-In, I am young and ambitious, and take a great interest in all that is going on in the world."
IDA B. SLOAN, Fallsburg, Ky.

If there is anything that will give us more charity, we should certainly try it, for that is the grace which seems to be rarest in this world. Reading certainly broadens one's views in all directions, and why not in that?

"I received a sample copy of COMFORT last winter, and it was a case of love at first sight, so I subscribed for it immediately. The only fault I find is that it does not come often enough. I enjoy the Shut-In page, as I belong to that class myself. I have not walked a step for over twenty years. God bless Venus for defending the poor invalids; no one knows until after a trial of affliction, how much a few kind words of sympathy mean, or how a book or some little token of remembrance is cherished long after it would be forgotten by a person who is well and happy. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins in Fla. and Calif. for a while, to gain information about the country. I live among the W. Va. hills, in the new oil region. The scenery here is beautiful, and in some places there are oil rigs set among the trees and rocks, it reminds one of some old castle tower that you read of."
SALLIE B. MCCOACH,
Box 45, Sistersville, W. Va.

"I am a cripple boy, and have been in the house most of my life. My parents have been too poor to give much schooling. If I could only get out like other boys, I could work and make money, and get a good education. If the cousins would help me, I would be so thankful. I enclose a reference."
T. L. MCCORMACK, Idell, Ark.

Dear afflicted ones:—In times of trial, how precious is human love and sympathy. In reading your letters, I find there are cases more grievous than my own, although mine is a double affliction. My only child, an asthmatic, has gone to western Kansas for the fourth time, and I am deprived of his society. I have tried that climate, and cannot live there, while he cannot live here. At his departure, sunshine left my home, and it is now very lonely, as I am unable to go out, or do much work. To those whose hearts are overflowing with sorrow, I would say, you have my sympathy in full. Would like to hear from some of the burdened mothers.
Mrs. A. B. TALLMAN,
Spencer, N. Y.

"Will some of the cousins send shells to a lonely Shut-In, also pieces of velvet with their name embroidered on them? I want to make an autograph quilt to pass the lonely winter hours."
Mrs. K. MORRIS, Victor, Mont.

"I feel impressed to write, for I see that so many are Shut-Ins as well as myself. I have great sympathy for them. I was left alone in the world; my parents died years ago, and left nothing to help me. But I studied and worked hard to gain the profession of a physician, which I accomplished in 1878. I had only practised about 3 years, and was having good success, when suddenly I was taken down helpless with rheumatism. The best physicians failed to reach my case. I have been a great sufferer nearly 12 years, living on the mercy of others, which makes me very sad. When I look at my diploma hanging on the wall, tears come into my eyes, thinking how hard I worked both mind and body to obtain it, and it is no good to me now. I would be very glad to receive letters from any one."
MARY STEWARD, M.D., Lundys Lane, Pa.

Another physician to join our circle. Our dear Dr. Anthony will have a cheering word for her, I am sure.

"Can I add the widows mite of sunshine? I have many friends among the COMFORT band. The loss of team and crops forced me to look for a better place, and although almost an invalid, I came by wagon to the Ind. Terr., where I made my first visit to a dug-out. Severe illness cast me among strangers, and without reading; and never did I realize the beauties of even a coffee and I made a vow that if the Lord spared me, to do all I can for the lonely Shut-Ins. Although a bread-winner, with fatherless little ones, and only a rented home, I think I can pay tithes. I'll first say a word for the dug-out; it is like the Bridget's shawl, keeps out the cold as well as the heat, and for a cheap home is the safest from storms, etc. I rented on the Verdigris river, with high bluffs on the west side; and when tired working, the little girls and I go curio hunting. There are rocks in layers, and between is petrified moss and shells, the tarantula and centipede, lizards, etc. Between the rocks the Indian of long ago was placed when dead, and rocks piled around him. Then cross the river and see the lovely trumpet vine, as high as the tallest tree, with its clusters of bright red trumpets and green leaves; some vines 6 in. through. Enough for every Shut-In in our band; and for them ONLY! If they will send stamped and addressed envelope, I will enclose seed, and all may have one at their window. Then there is the mistletoe, with its white waxy berries, and leaves that stay green all winter, the Indian apple, with its lovely flower and good fruit, the cane brakes, the pawpaws, like bananas, the rich persimmons, and some years pecans, hickory nuts, walnuts, wild grapes and plums. We are among the Cherokees and Delawares. Many of them have fine homes, with organs, carpets and lace curtains.

They love pretty things, are fond of quilts and jewelry and lace, and many dress in silk and plush. They rent to us poor whites their rich lands. Our worst feature is no school near, 4 miles away. This will let my COMFORT friends know that I am not lost, only drifted away to the wilds of the frontier.
MARY A. LAUGHLIN, Nowata, Ind. Terr."

Dear Auntie and Cousins, greeting!—Here is an extract from a letter a friend sent me, that I want you to read, and then I want to make a "little growl." She says: "I have sent a letter and novel to every one in this month's Sunshine department, except Maria Johnson. She's too good for me." Just imagine my feelings when I read that, for I am not good at all. I can truthfully sign myself, as the one did to Dr. Anthony, "a miserable sinner," for oh, I get so tired, and it is so hard to smile and smile when despair is in your heart, and all the old Adam in your nature up in arms. My letters to COMFORT have conveyed an impression I never meant they should. Because I wrote enthusiastically of the good work I had found to fill up the long lonely hours, you all jump to the conclusion that I am not in need of your friendship and favors. Suppose you were alone, as I am compelled to be by force of circumstances, an average of ten hours a day, would you not, even if pretty bad, enter heart and soul into anything that would take up the time, and your thoughts from your suffering? "Too good?" Heaven save me, I wish I were. I am sick, almost helpless, shut-in, and so tired—tired of it all. I must live on, however, so I want to ask some of the cousins in every State in the Union to favor me with a postal correspondence. Let us drop gruesome subjects, and see how much fun we can make Uncle Sam carry for a penny, on one of his big cards. Thanks to all who have sent me papers.
MARIA JOHNSON, Pardeeville, Wisc.

I do not think it was a very kind thing of your friend to do, to let you read that letter, for it could do you no good to know the unkind words that some one had said about you. It seems to me that for your brave efforts to help others, you should have double reward; and I feel sorry and a little indignant that you have been neglected. Friends, do not let this happen again.

"I want to heartily thank those who have contributed to my pleasure in many ways. Your loving tokens make life more desirable; may God bless and reward you all. You are doing a great and noble work. You helped to make my birthday a very happy one, and one that will long be remembered; the kind, sympathetic words brought floods of sunshine and cheer that can never be forgotten."
Mrs. WM. PINGREY, Yorkshire Centre, N. Y.

Dear friends:—You have become so much a part of my daily thoughts that you seem like old friends, who come each month to bring me your troubles and appeal to my sweetest sympathies. Your trials and sufferings have found a chord responsive in my heart, have awakened a sincere interest in your welfare, and if I could know that my letter had sent one little stray beam into any of your sick rooms, it would bring me more genuine pleasure than to have gone into the halls of fashion and received the homage of princes. Dear shut-in ones, be brave, be patient; remember that you bear the cross for Christ, that you are Christ-bearers.

"Ah, why should I be an ardent coward be To shrink from cares or ills He sendeth me? 'Tis nobler to be brave, and bravely bear The cross He sends, if it be plain or fair, Remembering that God sendeth it to me. His children may not walk smooth paths always, Nor dream away life's hours in sunny mead; 'Tis theirs to blindly walk where faith may lead, In dark Gethsemane to pass some days, O'er barren wastes, hot sands, the way may lie, Up rocky steeps may wind, and mountains high, But they should choose, though rough, the narrow way."

With that wise man of Eastern lore should think: That those who've learned with Christlike faith to pray,
At pain's dark well a solace sweet may drink."
COUSIN WEE WEE.

I must now say good-bye, and God bless you all!
Your loving, AUNT MINERVA.



THE POOR MOTHER'S SORROW.
The coming of the cold disagreeable Winter weather, means the return of many old plagues.

A system that is strong and vigorous is usually impregnable against their attacks, while the system that is weak is liable to go down before the first assault. So the way to escape the grip is to keep strong. But how? One lady in Rhode Island writes: "I was fearful that I would have the grip because I was all run down, but I took Oxien according to directions and the dreadful germs did not fasten upon me. I feel that without Oxien the grip would have taken me away."

A bad cold is the open doorway through which this unwelcome guest frequently enters. Keep this doorway closed by an early use of Oxien. Free samples will be sent you by addressing The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine. It will cure the symptoms easier than it can the disease and with more comfort to you, but if too late to catch the early symptoms, then take it for the disease and you will be pleased, relieved, cured.

One of Our Correspondents Writes, Jan. 1892.
I have an interesting case to relate. A family by the name of Buck, living in our city, have a daughter Nellie, 18 years old. A little more than one year since she was taken with the Grippe, and for a time was very bad; but in time got better, when signs of St. Vitus dance appeared, and soon became very alarming. A doctor was called and attended her for 4 weeks, but the patient grew worse, when another doctor was called, who said she ought to have been cured in 4 weeks. But when he had treated her 8 weeks, the mother told me the daughter could neither dress, undress or feed herself. At this time the mother called on the last doctor and told him Nellie was growing worse all the time. He then frankly told her Nellie could never be cured. With a heavy heart she went home. About that time she was told I was selling Oxien, the wonderful food for the nerves. She came to me in person and got a 36c. box, and strange to tell, the first box was not used up before a marked improvement was visible. They kept up its use until she had taken the contents of 6 small boxes, when wonderful to relate she was perfectly cured and

is to-day well and hearty. All the foregoing facts I have from the parents and the young lady herself. They live within 20 minutes walk of me, and I have their permission, and Miss Nellie's also, to make these facts public. The father's name is Louis Buck. An almost parallel case, though not quite so bad, is that of a 16 year old son of Mr. Frank Plisk, living 2 miles from me. Had been similarly afflicted, and all medical skill had failed, but by a few dollars' worth of the food is now well.
P. S. Yesterday I saw and conversed with the young man, Plisk, who told me he was now perfectly cured, though he had been so bad that he had been obliged to quit his school and all his studies.

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Annie Laurie. Bachelor's fare.
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Auld Grey Kirk. Cannan.
Alice Gray. Caller Herrin'.
Bells around. Captain Jinks.
Believe me. Captain Morgan.
Betsey Baker. Coal black Rose.
Bryan O'Lyun. Crookneck lawn.
Bryan O'Lyun. Dearest Mac.
Bobby around. Duncan Gray.
Bonnie Doon. Ding dong bell.
Bonnie Dundee. Dolly Vardeu.
Billy boy. Dream on.
Bygone hours. Do not mingle.
Bears. Dream song.
Baby mine. Ever of thee.
Belle Brandon. Farewell, ladies.
Beautiful bells. Flivine trappers.
Buy a broom. Jim crack corn.
Forget me not. Johnny Sands.
Garibaldi hymn. Jack Rattlin.
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Giddy. Kitty Tyrrell.
Green sleeves. Kathleen Aroon.
Gaffer Grey. Last night.
Gumbo Claff. Lord Lovell.
Home so blest. Lullaby.
Hull's Victory. Little flowers.
Highland Mary. Lou'siana belle.
Happy thought. Lubby Dine.
Harvest home. Lucy Neal.
Hall Columbia. Lullaby.
Hundred fair. Lullaby's ball.
I have riches. Law.
I want to be a nun. Larboard watch.
In my cottage. Little Bo-Peep.
I wish you well. Lorelei.
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THE BUSY BEES OF COMFORT

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all Busy Bees! With the coming of another year, and the opportunities it has in store for all, it is particularly appropriate to preach the gospel of sunlight and brightness, the sunshine of faces, and the sunshine of nature, in the home.

Too much care, thought and attention cannot be given by the homemaker to the furnishing of her house, to give it individuality and character, which means, to make it suited to the uses of her family, satisfying the needs of its members and making it something more than a mere place to eat and sleep.

But before offering a few hints for the homemaker, let me show you a cunning little ornament, from a design furnished by Miss Annie Fisher, Woodstock, N. B.



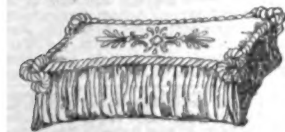
It is made as follows: Take a piece of sand-piper 7 by 3 inches and four skeins of pale yellow Berlin. Make the latter into a round ball by tying in the middle, and clip it to the shape of a chicken's body. Make a smaller ball for the head, with a bill of wood, and black beads for eyes, fasten to the body and you have a natural looking chick. Fasten it about one inch from the edge, on the rough side of the sand-piper. A broken egg-shell, gilded or bronzed can be fastened over it and "1893, Just Out" painted on the shell. It makes a dainty ornament for the table or mantel, and is very convenient to scratch matches upon.

Now in regard to house furnishings. It is not a mere question of buying new or pretty things. First, one should consider just what is needed, whether it is useful, and whether it will harmonize with what your room already contains. Remember the man who had a pin-cushion presented to him, so gorgeous that it made everything else look mean, and who spent the rest of his life "trying to live up to his pin-cushion." The haphazard choice of an article simply because it is new or fashionable, is a poor policy, but there are many little things that add to the comfort and beauty of a home, that can be made or acquired from time to time with but little expense. Bear in mind in purchasing a table, chair or desk that you are buying something that should last your lifetime and be valued by your descendants, but have nothing that is too good to use.

Don't be afraid of letting the sunlight into your rooms. Fade the carpets? Well, what if it does. There is no danger of making your home too bright.

In the way of needle-work there are lovely things for house furnishing. A comfortable hassock, for instance, embroidered in flat stitch can be made with little trouble. The sides can be of velvet, plush or heavy broad-cloth of any color desired. Dark brown is a durable color.

The sides should be fifteen inches long and ten and three-fourths wide, cut to curve about five inches.



A COMFORTABLE HASSOCK.

The top is covered with lighter cloth and embroidered in several colors in tapestry wool. The outlines of the embroidery are made in stem stitch, the fillings in flat stitch. The upper edge of the hassock is bound with thick brown cord twisted with gold, and the loops at the ends also made of the same. This is the outside covering—the inner covering should be of stout drilling and filled with curled hair, or if this is not obtainable, straw or newspaper stripped into shreds may be used.

Chairs and sofas should be comfortable before all else, your tables firm, your book-cases as strong and as good as you can afford. Do not be persuaded to buy a chair or table that is merely a fashion of the day. Remember it is the upholsterer and shopman who change and make the fashions, with an eye to business, and be guided by your own good taste and the money you have to spend.

A chair that will be a convenience and a comfort in any home and that can be gotten up for a small amount is shown in the illustration.



A COMFORT CHAIR.

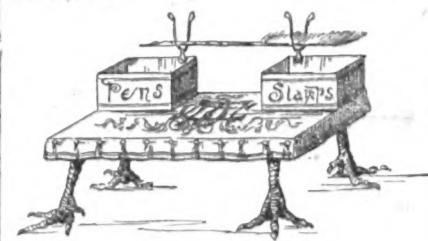
The chair alone can be purchased for about \$2.50 at almost any furniture store. It is called the steamer, or reclining chair, and when not wanted can be folded up and put away, taking but little room.

It has a cane seat and back, and to make it easy for an invalid, or restful for one who is tired, it needs to be upholstered. This you can do yourself, and you will be surprised at the improvement it will make.

Measure your chair for the length of the back, then for the length of the seat with extension. Make your cushions these lengths, of stout cotton cloth and fill with feathers or curled hair. For the outside covering you can use your own judgment as to the material. If the chair is to be in constant use a dark blue drilling is advisable. You can embroider this with white, terra-cotta or old gold in large scroll patterns, or in small conventional designs, fastening it to your chair either with ribbon, cord or small brass-headed tacks.

The chairs generally come in the natural wood colors that may be ebonized, stained, gilded or painted, according to the fancy of the owner. One chair of this sort painted white and covered with two large white fur rugs, with a large cushion of sea-green silk makes an ornamental and comfortable addition to a daintily planned room.

Another Christmas design is here given which, had it reached us in season, would surely have won a prize. It is for a desk ornament, and was sent by Mrs. Helen M. Cooke of Hawley, Pa.



A USEFUL ORNAMENT.

She says: "We were especially blessed with turkeys at New Years, and thinking the feet might prove good for something, I preserved them. I sawed them off above the joint, and standing them in a perfectly upright position, with toes well spread, fastened them there with numerous strings and pins. They stood thus until a few weeks ago, when they were dried hard and in perfect shape. Fortunately, they were all of the same size. I measured the height, and cut off each just below the joint, so they would be level.

Then I gave them a good coat of gilt and behold, four perfect hammered brass ornaments. A ragged edged card made a good table top with the feet for legs, and was easily glued on. Two small pasteboard boxes were next glued to the card directly over the two back table legs, and a wish-bone fastened firmly to the inner side of each, and then I made a pen-wiper to go with it. I filled one small box with pens, the other with postage stamps, and laid a pen and holder across the upright wish-bones.

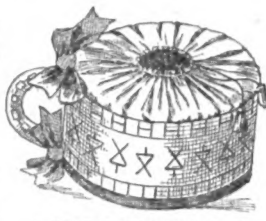
The card cost 2 cents, the pens 10 cents, and the stamps 50. The gilt can hardly be counted, as it took but a few drops.

Another useful article is described by Anna Gurske, Omaha, Nebraska. It is a "Catch-all," and is made as follows: First procure a large tin drinking cup and cover it with Java canvas, which may be worked in cross-stitch. Draw the canvas tightly over the cup, first turning in the edges.

The top is made of satin and drawn up with a cord and tassel. The handle is covered with the canvas and bound together at the edges.

To return to the furnishing question; have your furniture to use. Don't set it about stiffly but arrange it as you want it. In the matter of draperies, you can begin with the figured scrim, with cream tinted ground, that sells for 25 cents a yard and is suitable for a sitting room. You can purchase this in cream tints, or in white, with conventional figures in blue, yellow or terra-cotta. From these simple hangings one can go upward through a varied stock of lace and silken damask. It is good taste that does more for the completion of a room, or for the making of a dress than fashion, or simply money. The country girl who knows nothing of Parisian modes, is frequently dressed in a more tasteful and becoming manner than the woman of wealth to whom dress means nothing but the purchase of expensive material. So in a house, the furnishings may be inexpensive but the result artistic and comfortable.

The Busy Bees are to have another chance to exercise their ingenuity, as a new prize offer is to be made early in the New Year that will give all an opportunity to do their best to win the generous cash awards that will then be announced. And with COMFORT costing but 25 cents a year the publishers hope that every Bee will make it a point to secure at least one new subscriber before the end of this month. If our



A PRETTY CATCH ALL.

friends will do this our subscription list will be doubled (making it over two millions) and the cash prizes will then also be doubled.

Hoping that 1893 may be a profitable and happy year for you all, I am
BUSY BEE.

CORNISH IN CONGRESS.

Our readers will be interested to know that State Senator Johnston Cornish of the world famed firm of Cornish & Co., Piano and Organ manufacturers of Washington, New Jersey, has been triumphantly elected to represent the large and important Fourth District of New Jersey in Congress. From Mayor of Washington to State Senator and thence to Congress is a remarkable record for so young a man as John-ston Cornish, but his personal magnetism, his un-stained record and his undoubted abilities both as a business man and a politician make it apparent that his success is deserved. The excellence of the Cornish Pianos and Organs is well known, and the remarkable plan of business by which Messrs. Cornish sell their instruments at factory cost direct to the general public has been so wonderfully popular, saving to the people the enormous profits made by agents and middlemen, that we should not wonder if we have to chronicle in a short time yet another addition to their extensive range of factories at Washington, New Jersey. Their beautiful catalogue, the finest ever issued and containing photographs of the members of the firm and full particulars and prices of all instruments manufactured by them is sent to any one free on application.

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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of all matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may exceed the latter limit. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

JANUARY PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss A. S. Swift, Joseph Newby, Lilla W. Siedler, Nettie J. Ziegler, L. R. McLeod, F. W. Barker, Miss Stella M. Clanton, H. Ballantyne, Jr., J. Ranson Plank, Will Ray, S. J. Fuller, George W. Williams.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

It has been about three and a half years since I began to make your acquaintance, and still you come as at first with your letters as bright and cheery as ever. And there is hardly a month passes in which I do not make the acquaintance of many, many new friends. The letters received this month are unusually interesting. Many I cannot publish now for lack of space. You who contribute to this column have as a rule minds and hearts which are not morbid and unambitious, but which move along good, sensible lines of thought and action. Some one has said that a willing heart and a busy hand make a successful life. And this is true. Most of our troubles and difficulties can be traced either to hearts which are untrue to what we know to be best, or to hands that refuse to do the work appointed. I want to suggest that during this new year you all bear this thought which I have expressed in mind. Then read these letters, and you will find some ideas which may be just fitted to supply your needs.

"My home, Oak Alley, is in Bay St. Louis, Miss. This State takes a foremost rank both for its natural resources, and the genius of its sons. It is covered with gigantic pine trees, which are healthy-clings, furnish valuable lumber, and keep the soil fertile. This village, which is situated on Mississippi Sound, a body of clear water over which continually blow the healthful and refreshing breezes of the Mexican gulf, was founded by Iberville during his explorations of the gulf of Mexico. Such is our sunny Mississippi, the favored land of heaven, blest with an equable temperature, fanned with sweet-scented breezes, our ears charmed by the magic spell of harmony gushing from the throats of a thousand songsters, our eyes feasted with exquisite colorings of Southern skies and verdant foliage. Can we help loving and praising our South-land?"

S. H. LABIDIE.

"Some one has asked if I was in Java during the eruption of 1883 which cost the lives of more than 80,000 people. No, but we were there just 12 days before the catastrophe occurred. Mt. Krakatau, the volcano which caused all the mischief, had been in eruption for two months, after a silence of over 200 years. We passed the island on which it was situated about sunset, and it was a glorious sight to see the smoke and flame pouring out of the crater, and mingling with the calm beauty of the tropical evening sky. The island was seven miles long and five wide, with a mountain in the centre, but the final climax split it completely in half. All level land sank beneath the waves and now there only remain two rugged peaks where the lovely little island used to be. Another island, Thwait's Way, that was exactly in the centre of Sunda Strait, and covered with beautiful verdure, also disappeared, leaving in its place only seven bare, jagged rocks. I could tell of many more changes made by that eruption, together with the earthquake and tidal-wave which followed, but will only mention that a beautiful valley between the hills, behind Anjeir, is now a large salt lake, owing to the tidal-wave which rolled over the town and hills into the valley, and could not return. Now I will take a leap from Java to Australia, and tell a little about the aborigines that were its original population. They are the lowest known species of humanity; dirty, ignorant, and treacherous even to their best friends. Many attempts have been made to educate and lift them up, but all have failed, simply because there is no natural good material to start with. I wish the cousins could see some pictures which I have of these gentry and their wives, clad in their every day garment—a greasy, ragged kangaroo skin—nothing else whatever save a spear held by the man. The women dress just the same, minus the spear, and the only way they can be told from the men is that they have the left arm bare, and the men, the right. The men have several wives, but not because there is much housework to do, oh dear no! For they have no regular abiding place; when night comes, the family head takes out a dirty clay pipe with an inch long stem from some fold of his robe, and squats down on the ground for a smoke, while the women, with a dozen or so little pickaninies clinging to them, make their night's lodging room by breaking off some branches from the nearest tree, planting them in the ground, then bending the ends together at the top, and confining them so with one flexible vine. Sometimes in cold weather small boughs will be woven through the open space, and then the whole family creep in through a little hole left for the purpose, and there they spend the night, though how they manage to do so is what no white person has ever been able to understand. These lodges are seldom used twice in succession by the same family, they evidently thinking it easier to build a new dwelling, than to hunt up the old. The women do all the work, burden carrying, etc., and both sexes are totally uneducated in every way, being scarcely a step above the brute creation. We

American women should rejoice that we are so much better off than our chocolate-skinned Australian sisters, and instead of clamoring for 'rights' for ourselves, turn our attention to those who need help so sorely, if only they could be induced to take it.

(Miss A. S. Swift, Whitman, Mass.)

"If Aunty will give me space, I will tell the cousins something of our Petrified Forest, or Chalcedony Park. Both names are misnomers, for there is no park here, and although there must have been a forest centuries ago, there is none now. As one nears the 'Park,' he notices pieces of agitated wood, which grow larger and more numerous, until huge logs, half covered with moss and vines, come into view. Some of the trees, when standing, must have been more than 200 ft. high; for even now their prostrate trunks measure from 100 to 150 ft. Twigs only an inch long, and trunks ten ft. thick, may be seen, lying as they fell ages ago, over each other, at right angles, down in gullies and up on hills. But few are unbroken, and the fragments strewn thickly over the ground, sparkle in the bright sunlight like so many precious gems. And indeed there are many precious stones among them; the amethyst, topaz, onyx and carnelian are found, not to mention chalcedony and all the varieties of agate. The 'Park' is protected by a railroad rule against shipping specimens from it in bulk, otherwise it lies at the mercy of vandals. STELLA M. CLANTON, Buckeye, Arizona."

"Perhaps some of the city cousins would like to hear how lumber is manufactured. Seven miles from here is situated the second largest saw-mill in Canada. It is a sight worth one's while to see the logs going up what are called jack-ladders, an inclined plane with an endless chain carrying the logs up into the mill. There they are placed on rollers, which carry them against the saws, of which there are four kinds for cutting the logs; the circular, which cuts one board at a time; the twin circular, which cuts two; the slabber, which cuts both sides of the log at once, leaving it 12 inches thick; and the gang, which cuts from three to five logs at once. Then the boards go through the edgers, which trim both edges of square. They pass then to the trimmers where both ends are cut off, then they are loaded upon cars and drawn by horses to the piling yard, where, after being piled, they are ready for shipment to all parts of the globe. To speak of the other parts of this mill, the fire hole where seven large boilers generate steam for the engine, the numerous elevators carrying refuse from all parts of the mill to one large one, which carries all to the burner; the burner itself, which is in the form of an immense tube 112 feet high; the lathe mill and other parts, would require too much space. I may say that this mill has cut enough lumber in one day of ten hours and a half, which, if placed end to end, would reach a distance of over sixty miles. JOSEPH NEWBY, Lovering, Ont. Can."

"Now that the long winter evenings are upon us, the question often comes up in a family as to how they shall be spent. The mother does not want to see her boy go to the saloon to find companions, nor does she want her girls to go with the giddy multitude of those who 'take' in every dance and show that comes along, and are out somewhere every night in the week. The best way to counteract the influence of the saloon and the dance-hall is to make the home equally attractive. Furnish the young people with good reading matter and games. Some years ago the



fronted my parents, and this is how it was solved. Our family was large, and we had for neighbors a highly respectable household, about the same size as our own. We invited them to join us in a few parlor games, to which they readily consented. Some obtained a number of card games such as Old Maid, Logomach, or War of Words, Five Little Pigs, Authors, etc., and several sets of Tiddly Winks, Checkers and Dominoes. One night a week (sometimes two) we met alternately at the two houses, and played games, never tiring of them, being so interested that it was difficult for our parents to persuade us to separate for the night. Occasionally refreshments, such as candy, nuts, fruit and lemonade were introduced, and a side issue and were discussed with avidity. And now at the return of the long evenings, though some of us are parted by many a mile, our memory goes back to the pleasant times we had at home. H. BALLANTYNE, JR., Rockville, Ct."

"I am a new subscriber hailing from Pala, Cal. In the Spanish language Pala signifies 'fire shovel.' The long canon, bounded on the north and south by mountain ranges, certainly suggests the basin and sides of a shovel. The valley narrows to the eastward sufficiently to form an imaginary handle to this great shovel. But instead of holding fire, it carries the beautiful river known as the San Luis Rey from mountain to ocean.

Pala is an Indian settlement, and is said in the Indian language to mean water-devil, and you would surely think 'his Nibs' let loose, if you could see our beautiful San Luis, when swollen by the winter rains. It then becomes raging torrent, whose roar can be heard for miles. So great is the force of water, that immense boulders are overturned, and roll over in the mad rush of waters, until they crash against a greater boulder fast anchored in the sands. Giant trees are torn from their foundations, and carried along by the relentless current. When the storm has subsided, it is dangerous to cross the river for some time on account of the shifting quick-sand. Some years ago when I was teaching the Indian school on the other side of the river, I had to cross the house in the school-room on account of the river rising rapidly after I crossed in the morning. I had dismissed the school and harnessed up 'old Doll' for my two mile homeward drive, when an Indian rode up and made me understand that I could not cross the river. It was not a very enlightening thought that I must stay alone that night upon the plains, with no one nearer than the Indians in the village

two miles above the school. Fortunately I had taken a large box of crackers to the school in case of an emergency, supposing I could get everything but bread. I busied myself until nightfall gathering wood. The country is covered with great oaks, and I found a number of dead and broken limbs, which with the aid of a hatchet soon gave me quite a wood-pile. With what dry wood I had in the house, I commenced drying the supply I had brought in. Of course I was drenched. If you want to know what fun it is to dry your clothes without removing them, just try it; it beats a Turkish bath all to pieces, as far as hot steam goes.

After a while I wearied of these diversions and then it began to get lonesome. I watched the clock and the fire, and wondered why the former went so slowly, and the latter burned out so fast. I had just climbed on the desk to get a better view of the time, when the door was suddenly opened, and there stood an Indian man. I was so glad to see some one that I forgot to be afraid, and was down from that desk in a second, shaking hands with my unknown visitor. He made me understand that he had seen the light that shone



forth from my fire, through the uncurtained window of my little room. I smile even now when I think how we kept company. We would look at the fire awhile, and then we would look at each other, and then we would laugh; then we would eat a cracker, drink water, and proceed as before. Finally a new thought struck him, and he made me understand that he wanted me to sing. I sang every lively song I could think of. Then he sang, and although I could not understand a word, the Spanish songs are the most melodious I ever heard. Then he whistled a lot of dance tunes, and kept time with his hands and feet; and when about ten o'clock he said 'Adios,' I was astonished to see how fast the time had flown.

In the morning the scholars brought a flour sack full of fresh green peas, and as soon as we went to work with a will to see who could shell fastest and get the biggest pile. In the meantime the boys were spending their noon along the river with bow and arrow. I had no idea what they were up to, but pretty soon they came in triumphantly offering the teacher a string of great tree-rats for carne (meat). I was afraid for one awful instant that they might insist; but I am said to have a very expressive face, and I believe they read the horror depicted thereon—and oh my! how they did laugh!

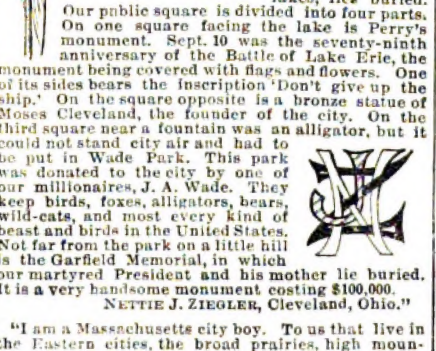
Geronimo Escoba took up the empty flour sack and indicated that he wished to go across the grant. He was soon on his broncho, and out of sight. In about an hour he returned with a nice ham of kid. He had been over to a rancheria where his compadre had a band of gents, and had been so fortunate as to get me the nice roast.

In the evening an Indian brought me a nice clean tick made of four sacks filled with hay. I got a bunch of shakes under the house for a pillow. I curled up on half of the mattress and used the other half for covers; and except that the mice would run over my face and up my sleeve, my slumbers were peaceful. In the nights that followed (I was there three weeks), I let a supply of wood at the head of my bed, and let it fly at them, until either they got frightened away, or I slept too soundly to notice them. LILLA W. SICKLER, Pala, Cal."

"My home is in Gettysburg, Penn., situated on the historic ground where was fought the battle of Gettysburg—one of the most awful and bloody conflicts of modern times. The battlefield extends over an area of twenty-five square miles, diversified by hills and valleys. The Battlefield Association have constructed 24 miles of avenues along all the principal points for the use of visitors. There are about 400 monuments erected on the field by different Federal States in memory of the patriotic valor of their soldiers. There is only one Confederate regimental monument—the second Maryland Regiment C. S. A. One of the most interesting places on the field is the National cemetery where are buried 3,575 Union soldiers—578 of whom are unknown. This cemetery contains an area of 17 acres and is kept in repair by the government. In it are many fine monuments; among the finest are that of Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds, the New York State monument in process of erection, and the National Monument. This stands on the spot where President Lincoln delivered his famous address beginning 'Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,' etc. Other places of interest are Little Round Top, Devil's Den, Valley of Death, The Bloody Angle, Wheatfield Cemetery Hill, Meade's Headquarters, and Culp's Hill.

"My home, Cleveland, is a beautiful city on Lake Erie. It is called Forest City on account of its numerous shade trees and green lawns. Euclid Avenue and Prospect St. are the two principal residence streets, and many of the handsomest houses in the State are built here. Steamers go out on the lake nearly every day of summer on excursions to Put-In-Bay where Commodore Oliver H. Perry, the hero of the lakes, lies buried. Our public square is divided into four parts. On one square facing the lake is Perry's monument. Sept. 10 was the seventy-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, the monument being covered with flags and flowers. One of its sides bears the inscription 'Don't give up the ship.' On the square opposite is a bronze statue of Moses Cleveland, the founder of the city. On the third square near a fountain was an alligator, but it could not stand city air and had to be put in Wade Park. This park was donated to the city by one of our millionaires, J. A. Wade. They keep birds, foxes, alligators, bears, wild-cats, and most every kind of beast and birds in the United States. Not far from the park on a little hill is the Garfield Memorial, in which our martyred President and his mother lie buried. It is a very handsome monument costing \$100,000. NETTIE J. ZIEGLER, Cleveland, Ohio."

"I am a Massachusetts city boy. To us that live in the Eastern cities, the broad prairies, high moun-



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HIS LAST FRIEND.

BY HENRY B. MCKNIGHT.

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"We'll never forget the friends we've lost,
Te la, ta ta, ta ta."

The quaint droning melody and the hopeless song that never got beyond the first line told that "Old Wade" was in town. On a high stool before an all-night lunch counter was a little old man, ragged and dirty, whose leather-like face was seamed and furrowed by the elements.

In the year 1885 Coloradotown vaunted its absolute prohibition. But the druggists did a good business, nevertheless, and old Wade was a regular customer. He would come into town early in the day, buy his bottle of gin and after taking a dip of the cheap liquor, sit in front of the blacksmith shop or feed store to meditate and smoke. At intervals he would vanish into an alleyway to reappear in a few minutes with a bland smile on his face but as silent as before.

There were often such long intervals between the old man's relaxations, and he was so harmless and so well known that he was allowed to make a night of it. The streets were very quiet after 10 o'clock, and few besides the reporters who patronized the all-night lunch stand, ever saw Old Wade in the height of his exuberance.

After midnight the oft-repeated song became less and less distinct until it gradually died away. Finally the singer, leaving his lunch unfinished, would slide from his stool and start for home.

Beside the door, waiting without food or drink, was the only friend he had not lost. Sometimes Old Wade would try to cut this old friend and start for home without a word. Then "Billy" the donkey would meekly follow, sure of being called upon for support before many miles were covered.

At other times the master would climb upon the back of the little long-eared beast and at once fall asleep. Billy would steal down from the silent town, and carefully finding the river, follow the narrow trail across the foot-hills to the mountains. Old Wade would roll from side to side, but keep his seat, mumbling in his clouded dreams that he would "ne'er forget" in spite of his drowsiness.

As the two old friends entered the deep canon leading up into the mountains, the darkness, relieved before by the stars, would become heavy and oppressive. The trees and high walls of rock in many places shut off all view of the sky, and the sharp turns of the canon made it seem like a well from which there was no escape. A mountain stream so noisy that it drowned all other sounds increased the weird solitude.

With one long donkey ear cocked forward and the other laid back, Billy cautiously picked his way over the stones of the rough trail. Every foot of it was familiar to him. It wound back and forth across the creek, always ascending. The sure-footed burro never stopped or hesitated but plodded steadily on. Even in the darkness he remembered to turn out in time to avoid a big boulder that had fallen from the hills above.

A rustic gate prevented further progress. Billy stopped, waking his rider, who sleepily slid to the ground, opened the gate, and found himself at home.

For years Old Wade made that perilous journey, in rain and in snow, in black darkness and in deceptive moonlight, but the rugged little beast that carried him never once stumbled or strayed from the way. Over a thousand feet above Coloradotown, the wild canon spread out into a miniature valley. Here Old Wade had pre-empted a quarter-section. His cabin, which was supposed to fulfill the requirements of the law, was half a dug-out and half of logs. He had fenced off a few acres of land and planted potatoes and such garden-truck as would grow at the altitude.

This was more out of respect to the land office than for any money there might be in the produce. The make-believe farming served its purpose and Old Wade had obtained a government patent to his land. In the winter he hunted bears and deer and in the summer he got an occasional job guiding camping parties into the woods and "packing" on Billy their provisions and tents.

Yet the old man, so few were his wants, seemed independent and happy and the years brought no change in his appearance or habits.

There is a saying among the mountaineers of the Rockies, that a "burro" never dies. A burro—which is a Mexican donkey—will live where a horse would starve.

There is one thing that nature has not provided against, even for the burro, and that is old age. Billy, the one friend his master had not lost, was weighed down with years. From a glossy black his coat had changed to a rusty brown, his head was gray and grizzled and his teeth were almost useless. He struggled heroically to retain his strength and cropped the scanty grass near the creek which seemed less tough and wiry than that growing on the dryer land.

It was no use. One day, when wading into the creek to drink, his weak knees trembled and gave way. He fell in the icy water and could not rise.

It was several days after Billy had found his last resting place in the bed of the creek that Wade, preparing for a trip to town, came upon his dead body. Slitting down upon the bank the old man buried his fingers in his straggling gray hair and gave himself up to his grief.

He had lost his last friend. For the first time he felt the desolation and loneliness of the wild canon.

Broken in spirit, grown older and more bent, he started alone on his tramp to town. He had not the heart to drag his dead friend from the water or to make another visit to his cabin. It was only a lean old burro that he had lost but its death filled him with grief and loneliness. In rage and without a penny in his pocket he blindly resolved never to return to his mountain home. He was almost ashamed to go into town and when he walked up the street he felt as if every one were looking at him and asking what he had done with Billy.

Old Wade clung doggedly to his purpose never to return. He would sell his claim and live with other men away from the dreary loneliness of the canon. The sale was easy, for a land dealer had long wanted the place.

With \$400 in his ragged pocket Old Wade sat once more by the blacksmith shop and smoked in the eternal sunshine. Twice he started for the drug-store, but a strange superstition held him back. The death of the donkey seemed to him a warning of his own end. With death so close to him, he did not dare to drink.

In the evening when the blacksmith, Dan Hatch, went to his boarding house Old Wade went too and was given a room and a place at the table with the others. Midnight found him again before the lunch counter on his accustomed stool. But in his sober senses the place seemed cheap and miserable. He did not go there afterwards.

He was like a man burdened with a thought from which he could not escape. He tried to tinker round the blacksmith shop and sometimes he would lend a hand at the feed-store but such occupations grew irksome for he found no comradeship, no friends.

One day he passed the school-house while the children were at play and stood watching them with a strange flush on his weatherbeaten face. But his clothes were old and torn and he looked to the boys such a queer little man that they laughed in his face. Wade knew why they laughed and turned away sadly but the next day in an entire new suit he applied to the janitor for work. He did not care for pay but said that he wanted something to do and to be near the children.

Then the old man found friends. The school children took him into their hearts. They were sorry that he looked so troubled but they did not ask him what his trouble was. They asked him where his

children were and he promised to tell them but put it off from day to day.

It was a month after Old Wade became assistant janitor of the Coloradotown school that the children awoke to find the dark mountains covered with snow. That day their gentle old friend did not come to school. He did not come the next day either and the people at his boarding house said he had disappeared. In former days that would have been the end of it. It was only Old Wade. But now for the sake of the children who loved him, a searching party was sent out. As if by instinct they found the tracks leading to the mouth of the canon and followed them to where the gorge widened and became a rock-bound valley.

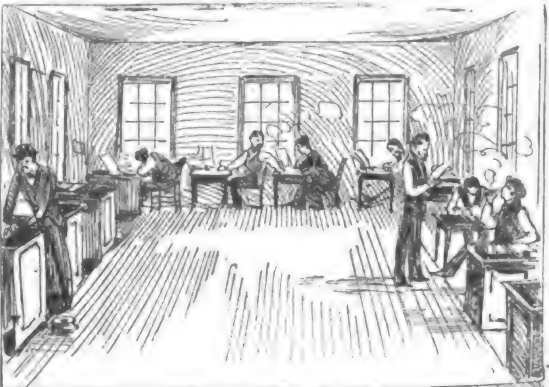
Old Wade lay dying in the cabin that he had sold. He did not recognize Dan the blacksmith and the other searchers. He did not know that he himself was a trespasser. He had forgotten the long walk through the newly fallen snow.

"We'll never forget the friends we've lost," he moaned drearly. Then the sunlight seemed to break through the snowclouds and he murmured, "Pretty dear, daddy's coming, are ye glad to see him?"

So Wade's heart broke, and he died. The children helped bury him in the barren cemetery on the mesa and they buried with him the mysterious story of his past all unknown except for the sad key-note given by his one song.

Women as "Newspaper Men."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the first woman to do regular work as a salaried member of a newspaper staff, appeared in Boston, but the innovation was adopted slowly and for years after, the "newspaper man" was, to the outer world, the representative journalist. The "reporter's room" of the old newspaper office was a long, dirty room with desks along the sides, and there everybody not on the editorial staff gathered. But when that pioneer woman had taken the first step, others were sure to follow. The following was slow at first, but steadily

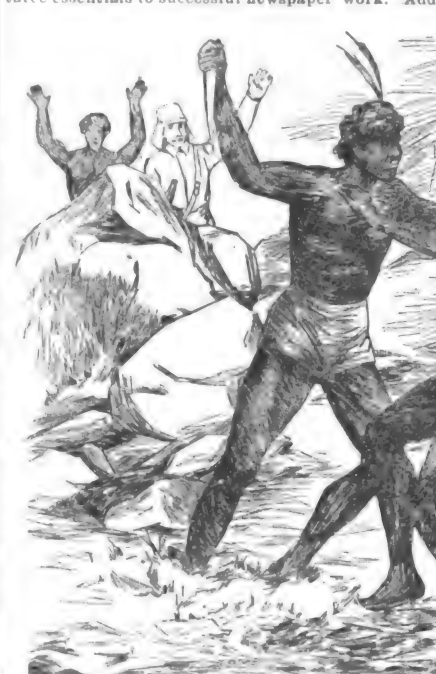


WOMEN AS NEWSPAPER MEN.

the ranks grew until to-day there is not a paper of any importance that does not employ women, either on its editorial or reportorial staff. Formerly the woman's work in journalism was restricted to paragraphs on fashion or cookery. To-day she writes editorials on music, literature, art and the drama and in all these directions her opinions are sought and quoted. One of the cleverest managing editors in Boston considers that he adds to the spicy and interesting quality of his paper by getting "A Woman's Point of View" on every conceivable subject, from a military encampment to a hearing before the Rapid Transit Commissioners.

It is obvious, therefore, that the woman who wishes to adopt journalism as a profession should not undertake it lightly. That is, of course, if she have the ambition that every one who takes life seriously should have. In the first place, she must have a good education. She must be able to think quickly and express her thoughts in graceful, well-chosen language. Does some one object that newspaper English is notoriously bad? Ah, but the people who use bad English never get beyond the lowest steps of the ladder and do only the least interesting and important work. It is a distinguished woman to be interviewed? Will not the person who is known to have a ready wit and a talent for expression be the one selected for the pleasant task? In no occupation in life are brightness, originality and tact more important or more appreciated. She who can take a commonplace subject and treat it in such a way that it becomes full of interest, who makes the tame and hackneyed topics of the day instinct with the new life of her own keen observation, is the person who is valued by her editor and envied by her coworkers. No education is too broad to be useful. The dullest subject may be illuminated by an apt quotation or comparison. Indeed, there is no profession in which a wide acquaintance with good literature is more valuable than the journalistic.

From what has just been said it is easy to infer that the successful newspaper woman is refined, educated, tactful and energetic. The flippant girl who sees in every man only a possible admirer, will never be a success in journalism. The ultra-conventional woman who looks severely at a reporter lounging in shirt-sleeves on a summer day, and shows her contempt for a pipe, is not apt to be a success in journalism. Self-reliance, self-respect, self-possession are three essentials to successful newspaper work. Add



AN AUSTRALIAN DANGER.

to these a good education and facility in expression and any young woman so equipped may confidently enter journalism.

The presence of women in the newspaper office has caused some change in the interior arrangements. It is the impulse of men, in our country at least, to regard the comfort of women; so now the large offices have cozy little rooms separate from the reporter's room, where two or three women have their desks,

their neat closet for wraps and often toilet facilities. They can have their mirror by which to arrange the hair or dress and have, in short, all necessary comfort. So that, on the whole, the woman who is a capable and efficient journalist needs not to envy many people, for life brings her much pleasure as duty and many advantages in the desirable guise of business.

A Case of True Courage.

WILL BRAVERY BE REWARDED?

There comes an account of a brave fireman who alone stopped a runaway train when brakemen and engineer jumped for their lives. It is with pleasure that we chronicle the following:

A through freight on the Central Railroad of New Jersey broke from control Tuesday night between Penobscot and Coalport during a violent storm and dashed down the mountain side at a frightful rate of speed.

A heavy grade begins at Penobscot and continues for 50 miles to Coalport.

Slowly the train started down, the engineer, on account of the extra long train and being behind time, delaying to whistle down brakes until the cars had gathered considerable headway.

Huddled in the caboose, the brakemen anxiously awaited the summons, and when the shrill whistle sounded, each sprang for his post, but the hurricane and the slippery condition of the cars compelled them to crawl on hands and knees, clinging to the sides of the walk to hold themselves on.

The train was gaining impetus as each telegraph post was passed, and the heavy load added to the heavy grade, sent the cars along at such a speed that the brakemen found it impossible to check its progress, for the wheels, even when held by the brakes, slipped over the wet rails.

Almost before they realized it twenty miles had been passed and the train was rushing along at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Thirty miles away, in the yards at Coalport station, they were to switch to allow a passenger train to go by.

Every minute the train was gaining speed and seeing nothing but death before them if they stayed on, they risked their lives by jumping. The engineer, too, unable to put on the breaks, gave the word to fireman Jim Collins and sprang to the ground.

But Collins resolved to stop the train or die in the attempt. He first reversed the engine and opened the sand chest. Then, climbing on his hands and knees over the tender, he crawled over the cars one by one as fast as he could, putting on the brakes. Just as he distinguished the lights of Coalport in the distance, he felt the train slacken its speed and, turning one more brake he fell in a faint on the top of a car.

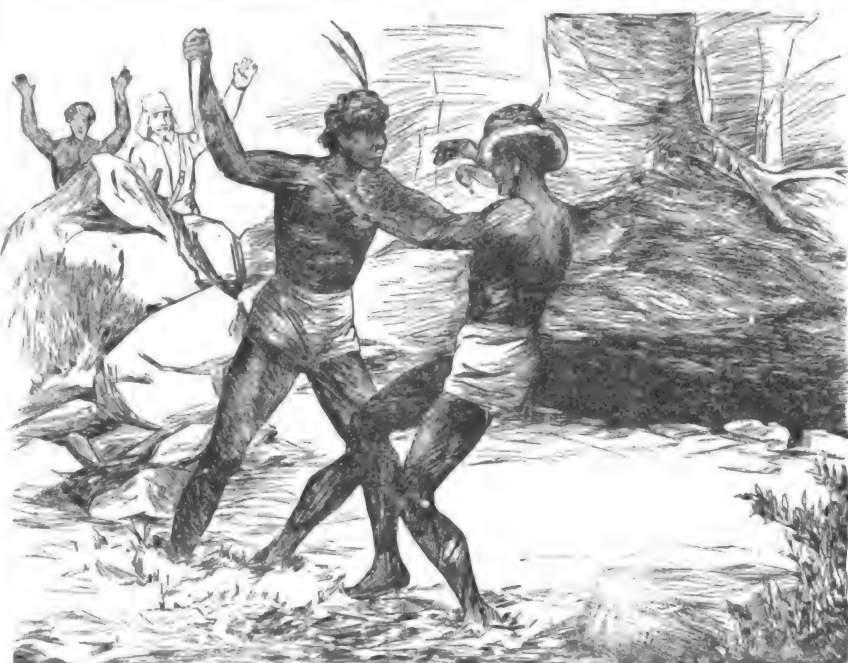
Gradually the train slowed down but did not stop until it had run to Tannery, two miles past Coalport. There some yard hands, seeing something was wrong, leaped aboard and stopped the engine. Collins was lowered to the ground and revived. He is still affected by his terrible experience, but is consoled by the thought that his heroic act saved scores of lives.

An Australian Danger.

AUSTRALIA appears to newcomers the strangest country under the sun. Its native animals are strange and unlike those in any other part of the known world. There only does the Kangaroo live, that mighty jumper the female of which carries its young after birth and until developed in a sack provided by nature for that purpose. There the birds do not sing; but some of them have discordant and horrible notes. The "bush" as it is called, or wild part of Australia is unlike the virgin wilds of America or the dense jungles of India. It is a mixture of forest and underbrush; but occasionally there are charming meadows filled with bright flowers and little groups of gigantic trees. There are many plants in the bush which if they touch one with their thorns poison to death, or flowers which must not be touched to lip or nose lest they, too, poison and destroy. There are many poisonous or deadly serpents; but there is one of a peculiar kind and it is of an adventure with one of these that I am now about to tell. Fortunately, this serpent is a very rare one, and a large reward offered for a live specimen by a gentleman who witnessed the following failed to produce one:

A party had been hunting kangaroos and after killing a few they had gone into camp for the night. Near by were several large trees and in these the native guides found signs of some small animal like an opossum. They caught one for supper and in the morning early they renewed the hunt and found dozens of them. A man would climb a tree, find a hole and nest and thrusting in his hand would draw out the little animal and strike it against the tree trunk until it died. The white men would have been glad to stop this sport, for it seemed to them like slaughter; but the natives could neither be induced to look upon it as cruelty or to stop it for any other reason. Suddenly, though, one of the blacks uttered shrill cries of terror and pain. The whites did not understand his language; but they knew well enough that he was in trouble, for he was reeling and moaning in agony, with something about his head which looked like a black turban.

"What is it? What is it?" asked one; but no one replied. Then another of the guides drew his knife, and inserting it between the man's head and the black band cut this open its entire length. The horrible thing had fallen upon the man's head and fastening itself there was slowly sucking away his blood. The man's tortured features and wounded forehead were then revealed. On his face were six large wounds from which the blood flowed freely. A real bandage was immediately applied, the remedies known to the blacks were given, and the man recovered. Had not his fellow guide known so well what to do and that it was necessary to act at once



AN AUSTRALIAN DANGER.

he could not have been saved. Australia is surely a strange and marvelous country.

Derma-Royale is the new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. The proprietors, the Derma-Royale Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, agree to forfeit \$500 cash, for any case of mothpaches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan, or any other cutaneous discoloration (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature), that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. It is perfectly harmless and will be sent anywhere for \$1.00 per bottle. Agents are wanted.

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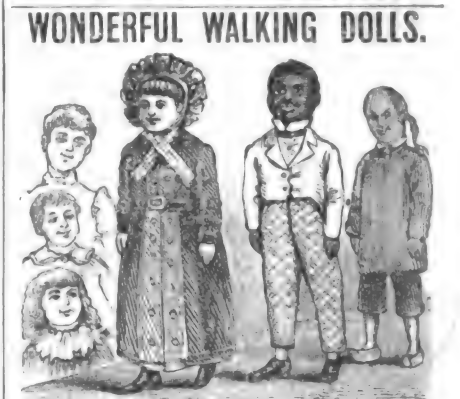
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By SALLIE JOY WHITE.

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I THINK I promised you last time, did I not, to tell you how to make some pretty ribbon girdles?

With Miss Littlehale to help me with her dainty pictures, I am going to keep my promise.

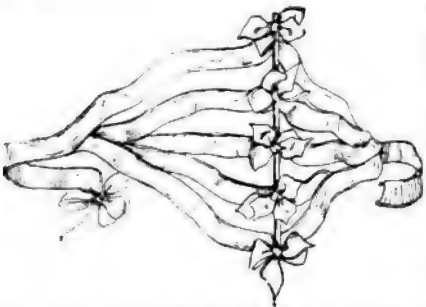
These girdles may be made of velvet ribbon to wear with dark dresses, or of nice gros grain ribbon for the gowns of light color and delicate material.

The first thing to do is to get a stiff whalebone or steel, such as is used for the side of corsets, and cut it about six inches in length. Cover it smoothly with the ribbon. At the top and bottom fasten ribbons to go about the waist. Then use three more ribbons for the space

between. Where the ribbons are fastened to the bone, have rosettes or butterfly bows, to cover the stitches. Fasten the girdle at the back, under a rosette without ends, or a bow with two upstanding loops, long drooping loops and ends.

This is very simple, very easily made, and at the same time it is a beautiful finish for a dress. If you like you may have a band of the same ribbon around the neck of the dress, fastened on the left side with a butterfly bow.

It is surprising how much little things of this kind add to a dress. They really change the whole appearance of it. Girls always like to have them, and it often happens they either live out of the reach of them, or cannot afford to buy them ready made. But when one knows how to make them for herself, then she is independent of city shops, and has learned a new lesson in economy.



This is the season for all sorts of social gayeties, and just the time when dainty things like these are needed.

I saw a girdle the other day, that a clever young woman had made for herself. She had taken the brass rings that are so much used for fancy work, and had covered them with black Florence silk in crochet, and sewed them together in the shape of a girdle with pointed front, but straight, like a belt in the back. It had taken time and patience, but she had accomplished the task.

Another pretty fashion, and one that is in the direct interest of economy, is the fancy for pretty, jaunty sleeveless jackets to wear with any gown. These jackets sometimes fasten at the throat, then fall away, but most of them are rounded in front, or have pointed revers. In either case they do not reach the waist line, and are straight across the back.

The most elegant and expensive of these jackets come in headed passementerie, but those are for very elegant dresses, for very formal occasions. Very pretty ones may be made at home of velvet, silk, satin or cloth.

A young girl showed me not long since, such a pretty dress she had made for herself, out of the contents of an old trunk. Packed away for years, I don't believe the owner could tell how many, had been a plaid dress, worn when voluminous skirts were the fashion, and one of the old time broadcloth cloaks that men used to wear a century or more ago, and that have as much material in them as is used for a woolen gown. She had been watching all the novelties that were offered in the leading shops, for she happened to be on a visit to friends in the city while the fall openings were on, and she saw the plaid blouse I told you about last month, and she saw the pretty plaid and colored petticoats, and her thoughts flew back to Northern New York and a trunk of discarded finery in the attic.

When she went home she set to work to get a styl-

ish new winter gown. She found that in the full skirt of the old dress she had enough, by using great economy in cutting, to make a petticoat and a blouse. She could only have one ruffle on the petticoat, and that was not very wide, but she bought some black velvet ribbon, and put on to the very edge, then let the silken ruffle fall over it, and put two rows of the velvet above the ruffle. Then she made a blouse of the rest of the silk, having full silk sleeves to the elbow, with a cuff of velvet. This made a handsome finish, and no one ever discovered that it was done because the silk wouldn't quite meet the requirements. The dress skirt was cut from the black broadcloth cloak, and was in the new bell shape, with a box pleat at the back, and no seam. The skirt was finished with a hem, which had five rows of stitching around it. Out of the rest of the cloth she cut a tiny zouave jacket, which she lined with black silk and edged with a tiny drop fringe of jet. The girdle was of the cloth. It was a lovely, stylish gown, and the only new things about it were the velvet ribbon on the petticoat and the fringe on the jacket. To wear with it she bought a broad brimmed black felt hat, and trimmed it with a big bow of the plaid silk, and there was a handsome winter outfit.

Every girl isn't fortunate enough to have a trunk like that to go to, but there are usually half worn things that may be renovated. I saw a very similar thing done with the remnants of a wool plaid dress and a partially worn black Henrietta cloth.

It is just as I told you before, a quick sense of fitness, good taste, a clear brain and clever fingers, will often do more with a little money and some material at hand, than a full purse, unaccompanied by those other requisites may possibly attain.

But to come back to the jackets. It is not at all necessary that they should match the skirt of a dress, they may be simply worn as an ornament, as trimming would be worn. It takes very little material to make them, as they have no sleeves, are very short and do not come together in the front.

Another way of adding to the dress is by means of a fanciful yoke, and when this is put on, the deep cuff of the full sleeves usually matches it. The yokes come, in the city shops, made in passementerie and beads, but they can be made at home by using alternate stripes of velvet ribbon and lace insertion, or of stripes of velvet and silk ribbon, the seams being defined by a fine feather stitching in some colored silk. Or the yoke and cuffs may be made from wheels crocheted of Florence silk and sewed together in proper shape by means of a proper pattern, which has been fitted. Surely these yokes are as handsome as the passementerie ones, and any girl who crochets evenly may have a like yoke and set of cuffs for her best gown, to alternate with the jacket in wearing.

So many girls can have but one "best dress" that is, one that must do for all occasions where a certain formality of toilette is demanded, that great care should be taken in the selection of it. I think that either a fine wool cashmere, or a silk and wool Henrietta is the best choice. They are nice materials, and a dress of either is handsome, and above all, is just what it pretends to be. A young woman with such a gown on may have the satisfaction of knowing that she is always well dressed. A plain dark color, blue, green, garnet or brown should be chosen, and when it is made she can begin to lay in her stock of jackets and girdles, and schemas to make it stylish and to give vanity to her costume.

These woolen stuffs that I have mentioned are to the young women what black silk is to the older ones. They are standard materials that are always in fashion. It makes no difference how other styles come and go, these always remain, and there is never any mistake made in buying them. That is not true of the more assertive styles.

I wonder if you have ever noticed how very much more out of fashion some things look when they begin to be a little gone by than others do? You will find that this is true of any ultra style, anything that has seemed particularly pronounced. The moment the fashion withdraws her seal of approval, it looks dowdy and common, if not positively vulgar. That is why I always recommend women to purchase the ladylike, refined and unobtrusive fabrics.



I want to break off just here, to say a word to young women who will be guests of friends in the large towns at any time this winter.

You will probably be taken to places of amusement by your friends, and, as almost every young woman in the United States has done this autumn you will probably have purchased for your hat, a large hat. When you go out for a concert, or a lecture, or the theatre, leave this hat behind you, or remove it when you take your seat. If you do not, you will spoil the entire evening for the person who sits behind you, who has paid his money to see what you, in your

thoughtlessness, are preventing him from seeing.

Clearly you are infringing upon a human right, and you are committing a wrong. So many ladies remove their hats now, that you will not be conspicuous, and you will gain the gratitude of those who are back of you.

It is coming to be that Fashion obeys public opinion, and if every one of COMFORT's girls and women help to form public opinion in this direction, they will do a much needed work, and be comfortable, indeed. Next month I shall have something to say to the mothers, and the elder women.

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AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.
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WHAT is it that I hear some of you say? You don't believe economy can be made tempting?

Just wait a little before you make such an assertion, and I am sure you will change your mind.

We have gotten over our Festival, the Christmas dinner has been cooked, eaten, and let us hope well digested, and now we are starting out on a New Year of endeavor. How earnestly I hope that to every one it will be a year of happiness, a year full of achievement.

To many young couples this will be the trial year. The first year of married life, when they are becoming adapted to their new relation and are learning to know one another. Heretofore, under the glamour of courtship, they have seen each other only when they have been on their best behavior, and it has been the ideals of one another with which they have been in love.

Now comes the test. If they are sensible and have the true love which every man and woman should have who decide to make their life paths join, they will pass the ordeal safely and their affection will grow stronger with every day.

But there must be patience on both sides, mutual forbearance, a respect for each others opinions, even when they differ, and an united effort toward making home happy, and building for a future independence.

In regulating the expenses for the household, decide what sum you can use, and then see that you keep inside it. Pay for everything as you buy it, and do not be caught in the snare of grocer's or butcher's books. It may seem easy. It is too easy, that is until you come to have the bill to pay; then it will be hard enough. You have no idea how your expenses will run away with you. I learned this lesson the very first six months of my housekeeping, and I have never forgotten it. I did not repeat the experiment I assure you.

THE WIFE THE HOMEMAKER.

As the wife is the homemaker, and is responsible for her little kingdom, she should be allowed to manage it for herself, and without interference. The husband should place in her hands every week or every month, as his salary is paid to him, the amount they have decided after careful consideration they can use in housekeeping, with an additional sum, as much as he feels he can spare, for her own personal use, or for emergencies. As a rule, it is quite as safe in her hands as in his, particularly if she has been brought up in a thrifty household, or has earned her own money. In either case she has learned its value, and will expend it carefully. Generally speaking, where a young couple run beyond their means, it is when the newly married husband neglects to tell his wife frankly what he can afford. If he keeps her in the dark about his money affairs and treats her like a child, he has no right to complain if she behaves like one. If he is not truthful and frank how can he expect consideration?

Here is one of the phases of partnership of which I spoke in last month's "Chats." The husband is the wage earner, the wife is the one who puts the money earned to its best uses and does the most and best she can with it.

THE REASON WHY.

And this brings us back to that despised word "economy." The reason why this word is regarded with such contempt and dislike is because its meaning is so often perverted.

It does not imply meanness nor stinginess; it is, in domestic life, the synonym of "thrift." It means just what I said above, doing the most and the best with what you have to do with. Is there anything "despicable" in that?

I have been very much amused at the way many writers on domestic topics, who have more theory than experience, advise young couples how to live within a certain income. They make a set of rigid cast iron rules, and put them together so fancifully that on the surface they seem very sensible and attractive. But only try to live up to them, and you very soon find how impracticable they are. There can be no set rules. Markets vary in different localities, and prices are so elastic. What is an every day commodity in one locality, is a luxury in another. So the best advice is, keep the run of the markets about you, and adapt your purchases to your purse. But don't go in debt, unless compelled by sickness and learn that carefulness and thoughtfulness are your best helpers. And above all have confidence in each other, and help one another over the hard places.

Does all that sound like a sermon? Well, I am only talking out of my own experience, and telling COMFORT's family of women, just what I wish some one could have told me. It would have been a great help, and have smoothed many a rough place. I am sure that the majority of COMFORT's mothers will quite agree with me in what I have said.

"LEFT OVERS."

I believe I told you that I would give you some nice ways of making over dishes did I not? In other words I would tell you what to do with "left overs." If we were giving the French names to things we would call these dishes "rechauffes," which after all is only a disguise for "warmed over." Just what it means you see.

A great many persons affect to despise warmed over food. Well, if the warming over process is like some I know I don't wonder. There are so few persons who know how to serve a dish a second time so that it shall be appetizing. It is so palpably a makeshift that those who are to eat it lose their appetites in looking at it. But a little more care, a little more attention to detail, and what a different result.

Suppose, for instance, you had a roast of beef for dinner, and you have quite a piece left. What will you do with it? If your family like it cold, you may serve it that way for another dinner, prefacing it with a tomato or a potato soup, and having two vegetables with it. Now don't do what I have seen some housekeepers do, put it on just as it went off the table the day before. It is too suggestive of "funeral baked meats," and your dainty economy and housewifely thrift, becomes carelessness and savors too much of the "savings" endeavor.

Cut the meat into thin even slices, and arrange them neatly on a platter. If you have a little parsley, or some nasturtium or geranium leaves, you can add some for garnish, and to make your dish look prettier. By serving your meat this way you make it tempting to the appetite, and do not parade your economical processes.

But suppose you do not like to serve it cold. Here is a nice way of having it hot. Cut your meat in even slices, a trifle thicker than if you were to serve it cold, but still so it will not be thick. Have some butter, perhaps a teaspoonful melted in a saucepan, and just heat the slices in it on both sides, taking only two or three minutes for it. Then put the slices onto a hot platter, and place them where they will keep warm but not dry. If you have any gravy left, warm that over, and add to it, either a cup of stewed tomatoes, or two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, or if you like them, half a can of mushrooms. As soon as this is well heated pour it over the slices of meat and serve at once. If the gravy, or "sauce" as it is properly called, needs additional seasoning, such as salt or pepper, you will add it to suit the taste, before pouring it over the meat.

This is a much more satisfactory process than the usual one of warming the meat in the gravy. That tends to toughen it. No matter how tender a piece of meat may be, there is no more effective way of making it like India rubber than by letting it simmer ten minutes in its gravy.

NEW WAYS.

Very often old housekeepers will cavil over some of the new ways of doing things and will talk of them as "nonsensical," but that is because they have never stopped to consider the reason of things. When they do they are very likely to acquiesce gracefully in the advanced methods, and very likely to adopt them. At any event they cease opposing them and that is a long step in the right direction.

After the nice slices are cut off there are apt to be pieces that will not do to serve cold or in the way just mentioned, and yet that cannot be thrown away. There usually are, both to roast beef and beef steak, some tough bits that need special treatment. These I would advise you to make into an "Exeter Stew." You will find this both nutritious and palatable. Cut your meat into inch pieces. Take all the bits of fat, cut them very fine and fry them in a saucepan. When they are well browned and crisped, add a tablespoonful of chopped onion; into this seasoned fat, while it is hot and bubbling, stir a tablespoonful of flour, mix it well with the fat, and when it is brown add a cupful of boiling water, a tablespoonful of vinegar, as much cayenne pepper as you can take on the point of a penknife, salt to taste, and about a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. This makes enough sauce for a cupful of the meat dice. If you have more than that you must increase your sauce in proportion. Put the meat into this sauce, and simmer slowly for two hours. You can use raw beef for this stew, taking the tough parts of the round or shoulder. Two pounds of uncooked meat, for which you will pay seven or eight cents a pound, will make a stew sufficient for a family of five or six persons.

This receipt, which I have come to value highly, is one that is taught in the Boston Public School Cooking classes. It was there that I learned it. I happened in to School Kitchen No. 1 to see Miss Hope, the teacher, one day when she was giving it as a lesson. I was so interested that I stayed all the morning and watched the process. I had a taste of it all around—there were fifteen girls making it, each one over her own little gas stove—and I went home to make it for my family. It has been a standard dish with us ever since.

PUBLIC SCHOOL KITCHENS.

Some time I want to tell you more about the work of the Public School Kitchens, and I want you all to help educate public opinion so that it will demand that these kitchens be established everywhere, so that all girls may learn to be good cooks and careful housekeepers, as well as good scholars.

But to return to our "left overs."

What do you do with the bits of cold turkey that are left? If you have grown tired of always warming them over in their gravy you may vary the programme by making turkey croquettes or by making "Scalloped Turkey." I will not say anything about croquettes now as I want to talk more about them than I have time for now, so we will have that for some other time.

As for "Scalloped Turkey" it is a simple and a most delicious dish. It is so easily prepared that it should be seen on the family table oftener than it is.

Cut the meat from the bones of the turkey that was partially eaten at yesterday's dinner, remove the skin and bits of gristle, and chop the rest up very fine. Put in the bottom of a well buttered scallop dish a layer of fine cracker or dried bread crumbs; moisten slightly with milk that they may not absorb all the gravy to be put in afterward; then spread quite a thick layer of the minced turkey, with bits of stuffing, pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, another layer of crumbs wet with milk, and so on until the dish is nearly full, or turkey exhausted. Before putting on the topmost layer, which must be of crumbs, pour in the gravy left from the turkey, diluted with hot water—a very little—and season with Worcestershire sauce. Have your crumbs ready, mixed with melted butter to spread over the top. There should be just enough to spread smoothly on. Bake until the crumbs are a light brown.

DIET KITCHENS.

One may learn a great many nice ways of doing things, as well as a great many economies by visiting the Diet Kitchens in any of the cities, where nice soups are made for sick people. These are given to poor invalids who cannot afford to buy them, or they are sold to mothers with little children, who can afford to pay for them, at a merely nominal price. These kitchens are a great boon, not only to poor people, but to a large class who help sustain them by purchasing from them some of the things they cannot take the time, or have not the opportunity to make for themselves.

In the cities there are hundreds of working women who have rooms and either cook their own meals, or board. These girls find that they can buy at the Diet Kitchens cooked food, soup, bread, cold meats, at very reasonable prices, and much better than they can get at a restaurant. These kitchens are carried on by a committee of ladies of wealth, who want to do some good work in a practical way, and they believe this is the best work they can do, for they claim that nothing humanizes as much as well cooked food, made from the best of materials. And they are right too. Many a working woman has broken down for lack of the kind of food that would sustain her, and give power both to brain and muscle. It is not half so much the quantity as it is the quality of what we eat that gives us strength or develops weakness.

And so, with the Diet Kitchen as a text, I am going to tell you something about vegetable soups next time, and give you some idea of what you may do with the two simple staples, potatoes and corn. I think you will be surprised when you see how many things can be done with them, and in how many forms they may be presented.

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No Good Kitchen complete without a Chicago Rotary Beater and Cake Cutter, they sell at \$1.00. **WANTED.** Sample mailed for 12c. Columbia Specialty Mfg. Co., 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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LITTLE LABOR. NO DUST. NO ODOR.
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J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., Box C, No. Berwick, Me.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY."
CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO
Woman's Home Journal

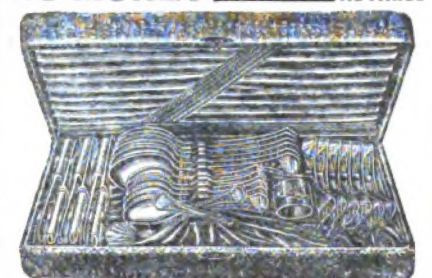
The **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** is the most popular woman's household journal in America. Its sixteen pages each issue have original articles on Fashion, Millinery, Dressmaking, Instructions how to do all kinds of Fancy Work, Advice upon Home Work, Suggestions upon Household Decoration, a Floral Department, Gardening, etc., etc. Our stories are by the best authors. Subscribe now and get it.

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NO MONEY WANTED IN ADVANCE



EXAMINATION FREE. A WONDERFUL OFFER.
\$20.00 OUTFIT FOR \$5.65.

READ This advertisement in the entire lot of over 2,000 handsome cases of Silverware at **LESTHAN ONE-THIRD** the cost to make them. You can have one case for less than half the cost to make. JUST THINK! A handsome large plush and satin ornamented and decorated silver case (now retail at \$5.00), and you can't imagine from the picture how beautiful it is! and the following described extra heavy plated silverware of a very high grade, made of heavy plates of cut silver over hard inner metal and fully warranted, viz: 6 Table Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Table spoons, 6 Tea spoons, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon and 1 Napkin Ring. (a place arranged in the beautiful plush and satin tray for each piece). The silver alone being of such high quality would be VERY cheap at retail for \$15.00, or the complete case at \$20.00. Cut this advertisement out and send it to us immediately and we will send the complete outfit to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination (all express charges paid by us). You can examine it at express office, and if satisfactory **PAY THE EXPRESS AGENT**, \$5.65 and take the regular \$20.00 outfit. Order at once, there is only 2000 of them. Address **ALVAH MFG. CO., 170 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.**

OUR OFFER to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination (all express charges paid by us). You can examine it at express office, and if satisfactory **PAY THE EXPRESS AGENT**, \$5.65 and take the regular \$20.00 outfit. Order at once, there is only 2000 of them. Address **ALVAH MFG. CO., 170 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.**
Mention COMFORT.

FREE A beautiful enameled scarf or stick Pin, with imitation Diamond Centre, and our book of 400 fine engravings, sent **FREE** to anyone sending 2c. for postage. Write at once, as this will not appear again.
Knobloch & Co., 205 E. 8th St. N. Y.

12 HANDSOME QUILT
Patterns, 100 Crazy Stitches, Stamping and Embroidery Alphabets. Instructions for making Tissue Paper Flowers, Orbits, Mats and other Decorations. We will send all the above together with our Manual, containing instructions for crocheting, embroidering, stamping, etc., also numerous designs for making useful and ornamental household articles, such as Pillow Shams, Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, Hanging Baskets, Table Covers, etc., to every one sending **12 cts.** for 3 months subscription to our handsome Monthly Journal, containing stories of Love, Adventure and Travel, by able and distinguished authors, *Household, Table-talk and Fashion Department*, together with other useful miscellany handsomely illustrated and carefully edited. Remember all for 12c. Address, **The Home Circle Publishing Co., 600-602 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.**

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES.

IT'S FREE!

to examine. We are the first and only House to offer a genuine American gold filled hunting case, fitted with a first-class stem wind and set movement, that will keep good time for \$6.50. This watch is a stem wind, is made in a nickle movement, highly finished, richly jeweled, and adjusted to keep the most accurate time, and warranted three years. A guarantee is given that the case will hold its fine golden color 18 years. No other firm sells such a watch for \$6.50. Some appear to, but they do not say the case will hold color. Ours will. **10,000** of these watches were suddenly thrown on the market at a reduced price, we secured them to stir up dull trade. You can re-sell it for **\$25.00**. If you are sincere and want to buy a watch, cut this ad. out and send with your order, and we will ship watch by Express, at our expense, and if it is not as represented, you need not pay one cent. Otherwise you pay the Express Agent **\$6.50** and the Watch is yours. If you send full amount (\$6.50) with your order, we will send by Registered Mail, and include as a free gift a fine gold plated chain. No chain sent with C. O. D. orders, as we cannot afford to do it and pay C. O. D. charges. State whether you desire our gem's size or want a ladies' size. **BIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton St., N. Y.**

OUR GREATEST OFFER

READ THIS! We mean just what we say: Direct from Japan we have imported a great quantity of elegant handkerchiefs. They are even handsomer than this picture, being made of a rare fibrous material by a secret process known only to these famous foreign artisans; the goods being known as shifu-silk crepe. Each handkerchief is about 15 inches square and has a charming border of various designs. These are used in many of the wealthiest homes for parlor decorations; they form a magnificent display. Ladies are delighted with them. We are the largest importers, and to introduce our goods we make the following great offer:—For 10 cts. we will send you three of these handkerchiefs, also an elegant Japanese Crepe Table Mat.

ful design by a fine Japanese artist. (We have seen mats like this advertised by another firm for 25 cts.) Remember, the above four articles will be mailed, postpaid, carefully packed, at once, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or postal note. Three lots for 25 cents. Read the following, which is but one of the many letters received:—

"I have received the Japanese goods you advertise, and am astonished at the wonderful bargain. Enclosed find 10 cts. for six lots." **VIOLA H. RAY, Somerville, Mass.**

We make the above great offer to introduce our goods as we want agents everywhere. Address all orders to **WESTERN SUPPLY CO., 602 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.**

WHALE FISHING.

Written for COMFORT.

EW interests have exerted a more marked influence upon the history of the United States than that of the fisheries.

The pioneers of the sea, whalemen, were the advance guard of civilization. In the frozen seas of the north their keels ploughed to the extreme limit of navigation. Holding their lives in their hands, nothing could daunt them; no thought of danger held them in check. Danger from icebergs and the perils of being frozen into the Arctic ice-fields were among the possible hardships of the whalemen's lives.



The American whale fishery began with the settlement of New York and New England. Captain John Smith in 1614 found whales plentiful along the coast of Massachusetts. The Indians, before the advent of the whites, were accustomed to pursue the whales, and occasionally secured one. Their weapons consisted of a rude wooden harpoon with a wooden float at the end, and the method of attack was to plunge their instruments of torture into the body of the whale whenever he came to the surface of the water to breathe, until he was tired out, and then drag him to shore.

In 1726 the whalemen of Nantucket captured 86 whales near shore. The harpoon was the death-dealing instrument for many years. It was made of iron, about four feet in length, terminating at one end in a sharp barbed head, and at the other, in a socket for receiving the "iron pole," a heavy wooden handle of about equal length, which gives great momentum to the instrument. To this handle was attached a strong rope about two hundred fathoms long.

In attacking the whale, the captain or one of his officers took the steering oar and directed the boat. The harpoon, pulled a short way in the bow of the boat, and at a signal from the officer drew in his oar, and took his stand firmly in the bow, and when the word was given threw the harpoon with all his strength into the whale. Sometimes he would be successful in fixing two irons in the struggling monster, securing its capture.

This was in the early days. A darting gun was afterwards invented, which requires as much strength and skill as was needed in using the old-fashioned harpoon. This gun consists of four principal parts, as shown in the illustration; the toggle-iron, the gun proper, the trigger and the pole. The toggle-iron is a slender barbed spear of iron, about a yard long with a ring near the end, to which the whaling line is fastened. The gun is loaded with an explosive bullet or bomb, and the trigger projects slightly beyond the muzzle. These are all secured to the end of the wooden pole, and the whole contrivance is thrown, spear-fashion, at the whale.

The sharp toggle iron penetrates until the trigger of the gun touches, when the gun is discharged and the explosive bomb buries itself deep in the monster's vitals. If the first bomb does not strike a vital spot another darting gun is quickly thrown.

For many years whale fishing has not been as successful as in earlier times. Longer voyages, greater risks as to securing a paying "catch," prevent business men from venturing their money in the whaling interests. But its history is one of adventure, of wonderful voyages and hair-breadth escapes, and an interesting story of the rise, development and decline of an important industry.

"How the ladies' stays were made," gravely observes Anderson, the historian of Commerce, "before whalebone was found out, does not appear; it is probable that split pieces of cane might have been in use." However this may be, whalebone speedily came to be universally employed in the making of corsets, and also of the hoop petticoat, which came into fashion about the beginning of the last century, and Pope described the dress of that time as "stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale." Fifty years ago whalebone was also largely used in the construction of umbrellas.

Whalebone is really not bone at all, but a formation resembling horn, and growing downward from the roof of the whale's mouth. Its purpose is to act as a sieve or strainer, allowing a whale to take a mouthful of water and then expel it, meanwhile retaining the fish, etc., which have entered. Only certain species have this whalebone, but some of them yield upwards of a ton of it.

Whale oil was at one time largely used in lamps and this added to the importance of successful whaling voyages. Since kerosene, gas and electricity have been discovered, its value for lighting purposes has greatly decreased. A certain portion of the rendered oil is still valuable for oiling delicate machinery.



He—"Are you sure I am the only man you ever really loved?" She—"Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday."—*New York Weekly.*

ODDITIES.

In Philadelphia a society has been organized to encourage the eating of horse-flesh.

A man was arrested in London for owning a dog which had been trained to steal umbrellas.

Some new-coming immigrants in New York bought a lot of old confederate bills with good Russian money.

A man died in Indiana the other day from the effect of a shoemaker's awl which he had swallowed over 30 years before.

A patient at an insane asylum in Toronto, Canada, recently swallowed a knife, fork and spoon. The doctors report him as well as ever.

A man in Pennsylvania killed himself the other day because his wife would not permit him to go to see Corbett the prize-fighter, in an entertainment.

Down in New Mexico a child was found playing with a rattlesnake in entire unconsciousness of its danger. A cowboy threw a lasso over the head of the reptile and so dispatched it.

Paul B. Du Chailu, the great African traveler, believes he had more chances to marry than any other man living. He says that while in Africa 22,000 women were offered to him as wives.

In Japan the dentists pull decayed teeth with the thumb and forefinger, without the aid of forceps. The young Japanese who aspires to be a dentist is put at twelve years of age, or younger, to pulling pegs driven into a board. In course of time his finger muscles become strong enough.

The robe worn by the first Napoleon when he was crowned Emperor is said to have weighed 80 pounds. It was made of crimson velvet, all over which were golden bees. It was bordered by worked branches of olive tree, laurel and oak in circles enclosing the letter N with a crown above each one. The lining, the border and the cape were of ermine.

Happenings Here, There and Yonder.

Out in Oregon they have a woman mail carrier. There are 100,600 steam locomotives running on the earth.

There are over 3,000 uniformed policemen in New York city.

An omnibus propelled by electricity has been introduced in London.

Nearly six millions of fur skins were imported into England last year.

Near San Diego, Cal., a sea bass was caught which weighed 300 pounds.

Over 7,000 deaths are reported to have occurred in Persia from the cholera.

An electric railroad is to be built up the mountain of Popocatepetl in Mexico.

The output of American watches was 7,000 movements daily, in September last.

During the past fall over 15,000,000 pounds of fish have been taken from Lake Erie.

Wm. E. Gladstone, who is now Prime Minister of England, is in the eighty-third year of his age.

New York State has in its treasury nearly \$2,000,000 and has outstanding obligations of only \$450,000.

A woman living in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently punished her seven year old son by burning him with a red-hot poker.

According to the last census there are in the United States 53,372,703 native born inhabitants and 9,249,547 of foreign birth.

There is a newspaper in Germany the proprietorship of which has passed uninterrupted from father to son for a century and a half.

Although Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes is over seventy years of age he has just entered upon the Chautauqua course of reading and study.

All the remaining street car lines in St. Louis are soon to be equipped with electric motors. The change will involve an expenditure of over \$2,000,000.

The tallest trees in the world grow in the gullies of Victoria, New South Wales. Several over 400 feet high have been measured and one over 471 feet.

It is interesting to know that an electric railway in Boston it costs about 5 1/4 cents to propel one car one mile. With horses it costs about 11 1/3 cents.

A delicious patient in a New York hospital the other day jumped from a third story window which had been opened while the ward was being cleaned.

A young Canadian named Calverly crossed the gorge below Niagara Falls not long since. He was the thirteenth man who has made the perilous trip.

A fire broke out in the dwelling of George Croft near Altoona, Pa. There was no water available and the fire was extinguished with three barrels of cider.

An instrument has been invented abroad which measures the flow of blood in the arteries. With its use it is possible to determine under what circumstances the flow of blood is increased or diminished.

A curious coincidence of the campaign was the marriage of Miss Reid, niece of one of the candidates for the vice-presidency to Mr. Harrison; the latter, however, being no immediate relation of the President.

The swift yacht Halcyon recently smuggled into the United States, on the Pacific coast, \$150,000 worth of opium, \$100,000 worth of silk and eighty-nine Chinamen for whom its owners received \$500 a head.

Gas stoves have been found to possess many advantages over coal stoves for small families. They are less expensive and the fire is well under way as soon as the gas is lighted and out as soon as it is turned off.

Walrus hides often weigh as much as 700 pounds each. They are from 2 to 3 inches thick when tanned. It takes 5 years to cure them. They are used to polish silverware and precious stones and they cost about \$5 a pound.

Street cars drawn by horses will soon be only a memory. In the United States there are now four hundred and thirty-nine electric railways with five thousand one hundred and seventy miles of track and six thousand six hundred and forty-one motor cars.

In 1850 the foreign born population of the United States represented 9.68 per cent of the United States, but in 1890 the percentage has grown to 14.77, 100. One effect of the cholera scare has been to greatly diminish emigration to the United States.

The tenement house problem in the great cities is one exceedingly difficult to solve; but it is in St. Petersburg that the conditions are worse than anywhere else. In one house there forty-six men, women and children were recently found living in two small rooms.

There is talk in favor of filling in the Harlem River, the narrow stream which bounds Manhattan Island to the north and northwest. It is estimated that by so doing land will be gained worth \$100,000,000, while the surrounding property will be benefited to the extent of \$100,000,000.

A man in Illinois lived unhappily with his wife. He tried to get a divorce; but failed. He tried to run away; she followed him too closely. Then he stole a horse and buggy, with the hope that he would be sentenced to a long term to the penitentiary, and so be enabled to escape her. He was caught and sent to jail for a few days.

A man in Seattle has built a steamer with his own hands in which he intends to journey to the World's Fair. He will steam down the Pacific Coast, have the vessel carried by train across the Isthmus of Panama, steam to New York and thence by river and canals and the lakes to Chicago. The steamer is 56 feet long and will carry a crew of six men.

How Dickens Bought His Home.

Mr. Henry Dickens, who is a lawyer, says that his father—Charles Dickens, the novelist—was very fond of lawyers, and he tells this story of his father and Mr. Frederick Ouvry, the well-known solicitor. One one occasion, Dickens was in treaty for a piece of land at the back of Gad's Hill, the proposed vendor being an old farmer, a keen old man of business, and a hard nut to crack. An interview was arranged with him at Gad's Hill for a certain evening, and Mr. Ouvry came down for the purpose of being present when the bargain was struck. Dickens and Ouvry were sitting over their wine when the old man was announced. "We had better go in," said Dickens. "No, no," said the astute lawyer—"John" (to the butler), "show him into the study and take him a bottle of old port wine." Then, turning to Dickens, "A glass of port will do him no harm; it will soften him." After waiting about twenty minutes, they went into the study. The farmer was sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, stern and uncompromising; the bottle of port had not been touched. The negotiations then proceeded very much in favor of the farmer, and the bargain was struck. With a chuckle, the old man then turned his attention to the port and finished the bottle.



"Hey, you there, come here," said a sharp-voiced woman from the back steps of a house to a passing tramp. The tramp ploughed his way through the new fallen snow to the steps, thinking the woman had taken pity on him and would supply him with a luncheon. "Have you anything for me, lady?" he said. "No, you can go now," said the woman, turning into the house. "I just wanted you to walk in here so you'd break a path out to the gate." And she shut the door and bolted it, leaving the tramp to improve the path on his way out.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our enlarged life-like CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to Cody & Co., 755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free of charge.

FREE VALENTINES.

We have some sweet pretty valentines which we are giving away to all who would like to take our beautiful Magazine, COMFORT, on trial for the next three months. They are the regular cupid's darts made up with Lace and Lithograph work, and we also include an assortment of comics. Send 6 cents to Morse & Co., Box 359, Augusta, Maine, for trial subscription and we will mail valentine package free.

SILK DRESS FREE!

We will Give Away absolutely Free of cost, an Elegant Black or colored Silk Dress pattern of 16 yards to any young lady in every town in America, who is willing to introduce among her friends the name of the Household Pilot, a large 8 page 40 column illustrated household and farm Journal, one of the best published, now in its 14th year.

We make this great offer in order to introduce our paper at once into many thousand new homes. Be sure to send 2c. for the paper and your name and address to the Household Pilot Pub. Co., 152 Center St., New Haven, Ct.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

A Gorgeously Beautiful Picture in magnificent coloring upon a back ground of pure gold; size, 16x22. In the center resting upon a beautiful enamel and supported by a slab of purest marble is an open book in which to register the names and births of each member of the family, on the left a beautiful scroll and on the right another beautiful scroll on which to register the marriages and deaths. Surrounding all in most beautiful letters are the words, "GOD BLESS OUR FAMILY." Underneath are spaces for Fathers and Mothers' pictures, and all around are similar spaces interspersed with most beautiful flowers and leaves buds and blossoms, roses and vines, etc. In varied colors and matchless beauty, all shown into startling prominence by the beautiful and costly back ground of Solid Gold. AGENTS, NOW IS YOUR TIME! Our regular price is 50 cents but to any one who will cut this out and send with order, we will send all in solid gold. Sample by mail 35c; 6 for \$1.25; 12 for \$2.00; 25 for \$4.00; 50 for \$7.50; 100 for \$13.50; 500 and a Handsome Watch and Chain, \$65. All charges prepaid. STANDARD SUPPLY HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

Every Answer \$10 Cash

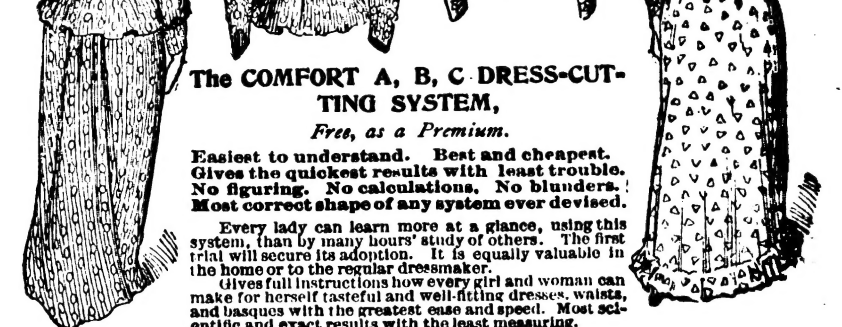
WHAT SONG IS THIS. Voucher
T-R-R-B-M-D-Ay.
We will give a Cash Voucher premium for the following correct answers. \$500 for the first Reply, \$300 for the Second, \$200 for the Third, \$100 for the Fourth, \$50 each for the next 10. And a \$10 Cash Voucher to every other person who sends a correct answer. With your answer send 20 cts. for a box of The Bellevue Little Liver Pills. Best remedy for Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Stomach Troubles. Our quick way to introduce them. One trial will convince you of their worth. And in addition to the above a choice House or Business Lot valued at from \$10 to \$50 each. First answers get first Premiums. Write to day. Premiums paid at once.
THE BELLEVUE MEDICINE CO.,
P. O. Box 2152, 153 Church St., New York.

MEN

Suffering from Nervous Debility and kindred troubles are guaranteed a cure in the simple treatment which restores me. The remedy sent free. Avoid quacks and try ILLWILLER, Marshall, Mich.

FREE PORTRAITS AND FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete), absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and will not be withdrawn until we have sent out a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 67 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all Banks and Express Co's. in New York and Brooklyn. Put your name and address back of photos.



EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.

The COMFORT A, B, C DRESS-CUTTING SYSTEM, Free, as a Premium.
Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with least trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.
Every lady can learn more at a glance, using this system, than by many hours' study of others. The first trial will secure its adoption. It is equally valuable in the home or to the regular dressmaker.
Gives full instructions how every girl and woman can make for herself tasteful and well-fitting dresses, waists, and basques with the greatest ease and speed. Most scientific and exact results with the least measuring.
HERE IS WHAT WE GIVE:
One Regulation Size Differential Chart,
One Dozen Sheets Pattern Paper,
One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel,
One Reamer Dressmaker's Tape Measure.
It is a heavily mounted chart over two yards long and two feet wide, having the different measurements all lined out for all kinds of garments, with Bust Measures from 25 to 46 inches. You get the Bust Measure of the person you want to cut a garment for, and that being the ONLY measurement required. Now it requires NO DRAFTING, for all the different sizes have been calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business for twenty years, and PERFORATIONS in the chart at each cutting point show just where YOUR size is to come by simply laying on a piece of COMMON PAPER and tracing along the line with a lead pencil. All you then have to do is to cut your goods by the pattern you have thus manufactured yourself—that is all there is to it. But remember, you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them.
It costs no more to have a STYLISH FITTING GARMENT than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system. It has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal), you just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. OURS makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.

But to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for Comfort at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Comfort Outfits FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of Comfort to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintance, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Outfits (all express and mailing charges paid by us) upon receipt of one dollar. This offer holds good for three months only.

Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents.
MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DO YOU READ or SING?

MODERN STORIES is a large 16 page, 64 Column Story Paper, filled with short and clever stories by the best authors. To every person sending us 10 cents for a 3 month's trial subscription, we will send FREE, 65 complete stories by celebrated authors, 150 songs, including Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-Ta-Ray, words and music; A Guide to Needlework, Knitting and Crochet, and a good Cook Book. This liberal offer is made to introduce our Paper. Address: MODERN STORIES, 426 Broadway, New York.

\$30000 IN GOLD

AND OTHER VALUABLE PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY TO THOSE WHO GUESS THIS REBUS.



The above Rebus is an OLD SAYING, familiar to every one. WHAT IS IT? We will give to the first person from whom we receive the correct answer on or before March 30th, 1893, \$100.00 in gold. To the second, \$50; to the next five persons, a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in Black, Blue, Green, Brown or Gray. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genesee Diamond Ring, and to the next 100 sending in the correct answer a Parlor Ornament. To the person from whom we receive the last correct answer, we will give \$100.00 in Gold, to the next to the last \$50, the next 3 a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in one of above colors. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genesee Diamond Ring, and to the next 100 (should there be so many sending in correct answers) a Parlor Ornament to each. We prepay all shipping charges on presents, and send in accordance with this offer on the same day the answer is received. All answers must be sent by regular mail and received by us not later than March 30th. With your answer send 25c in silver or 50c in stamps for a vial of DR. HOBBS' LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS.

(TAKEAPILL.) nothing for the present as they are absolutely GIVEN AWAY to introduce and advertise Dr. Hobbs' Celebrated Pills. As to our reliability you can write to any bank or business house in Chicago. We guarantee perfect satisfaction, and if not satisfied, the money refunded. Pills sent to any address by mail. AGENTS WANTED, and we furnish you with the capital to commence business. Immediately after March 30th a printed list giving the names and addresses of the successful contestants will be mailed to each person who has sent in an answer. Address: HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Corner Dearborn and Harrison Streets, Chicago, Ill. When our readers answer the above advertisement please mention the Comfort.

STICK A PIN IN HERE. There is a decided neat, novel and handy little book filled with hundreds of different size pins, black and white, for Ladies Toilet or Gents pocket companion, just what every one needs, and as Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, want every one to see their new Catalogue, they will send this valuable article free to all who send 4c. for mailing.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 6.)

make a good living without going very far from home. But he had never before met a fellow like John Hill.

John knew of a mine up in the mountains where two men with good teams could make big money handling ore. He and George McCabe were just the men to make a small fortune out of the thing.

Of course Mary did not want George to go into that indefinite region called "up in the mountains," but even she saw that Mr. Hill had large honest-looking eyes and at last she gave a reluctant consent.

The two teamster each with a four-horse mountain wagon, early on a September morning, started on the trip up the Arkansas river. They jogged along in the stolid way that teamsters do and only spoke when they halted at noon by the bank of a lonely creek where they went into camp. They cooked and ate a scanty supper and then each turned in to sleep in his own wagon.

But John's large eyes were wide awake and after an hour's waiting he crawled to the other wagon and listened. With his revolver in his hand he climbed silently upon the wagon seat.

McCabe was shot while asleep in his wagon and died with scarcely a struggle. The next day John Hill sold a four-horse team in Canon City and dispatched a forged letter from her husband, to Mary McCabe.

Then John walked back to where his own team was left and driving through the town at night, pushed on, not for the mountains, but for Denver. The letter that was to have allayed Mary McCabe's anxiety instead of serving that end, brought her to Canon City on the day after it was received.

Some strange presentiment told her that all was not right with George. When she found that John Hill had sold her husband's team, she aroused the townspeople to search for the body of the murdered man. It was a sad search, for the body was found in a dry arroyo by the creek, partially covered with stones.

The woman was frantic with a weight of grief that the men of the place solemnly swore they would avenge. As for John Hill, he was arrested the minute he reached Denver.

At that time I was criminal reporter for a Denver paper and happened to witness the arrest, which at once awakened my deepest interest.

The sheriff started for Canon City with his prisoner but on the way he learned that an armed mob was waiting to lynch the murderer without trial or delay. So the prisoner was brought back and locked in the jail at Denver for safekeeping.

Little by little the facts were gathered and patched together. A bullet hole in the bottom of the wagon showed how the murder had been done.

On Sunday afternoon with a built-up theory of the crime I went to the jail for an interview with the man charged with its commission. The sheriff took me to the cell where John was confined and reporter and murderer were locked up together.

John accepted my proffered cigar with quiet politeness and we smoked awhile in silence. Then we talked over his past life. It was a puzzle to me. He had proved himself trustworthy in the most trying situations. At the Gondola he had held sacred the lives of the miners and the property of the owners. He had even spared the confiding deputy marshal and let thousands of dollars slip through his fingers. And yet in spite of all this he had committed two and perhaps three cold-blooded murders without any apparent reason.

We talked for an hour as coolly and pleasantly as old friends, but without his giving me any information.

"Hill," I said, looking him steadily in the eye, "let me tell you a story. A man whose name is John Hill, alias One-armed John, alias Big John, alias John —, was a stage driver on the route between Laramie and Cheyenne. A trunk was lost and as it happened to contain a little money, the driver disappeared and went to Black Forks."

Then I told him the story that I have told here, partly from information received from the officers and partly from my own imagination. As I talked with assurance, giving detail after detail, I felt moved by some strange spell.

It was as if the prisoner's memory was working in my own mind. I never doubted that I told the truth and when I came to the time when One-armed John left the mountain, I filled in the story of the Swede's murder with absolute confidence.

I could see the two men leave the four gray horses and walk back to look for the pocket-book one of them said he had lost. They stood for an instant by the edge of a dizzy precipice.

Then with scarcely a struggle the Swede fell headlong over the cliff.

It was the greatest mental strain I ever experienced and yet the prisoner beside me sat calm and unmoved. Not the twitching of an eyelid betrayed excitement.

For weeks Big John was held in Denver and then in the night he was smuggled into Canon City jail, went down on the same train for I knew the temper of the people and felt certain that there would be trouble.

John thought so too, and as we walked together he told me what I had never known before, the fact that an aged mother lived in Iowa and was at that time on her way to Denver.

"I may not come out of this alive," he said, handing me a sealed envelope; "and if I don't you will find in that the story of my life. For the sake of your own mother protect my secret while my mother lives. She will never believe me guilty."

The news of the prisoner's arrival gradually spread through the town. The people still swore vengeance for the murder of McCabe. Twice a mob, armed with firearms, ropes and pieces of railroad iron, attacked the jail, only to be driven off by the plucky sheriff.

The sheriff lived in a part of the jail building and his wife was very sick. About 4 o'clock in the morning a man knocked quietly and in the doctor's voice asked for admittance.

That man was not the doctor, but one of a band of masked vigilantes who bound and

and led out into the night with a rope around his neck.

Twice he was hauled up on a telegraph pole and twice lowered and asked to confess.

Not a word did he utter.

The third time he was hauled clear of the ground and the rope was tied.

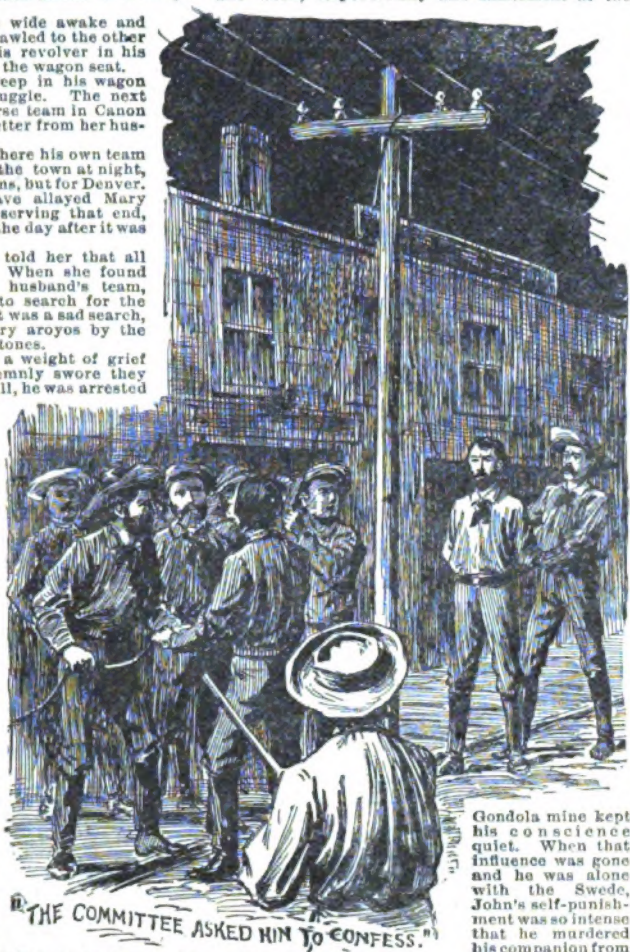
There hanging dead, the townspeople found him when daylight came.

The confession which he would not for his mother's sake give to those angry men, lies before me now. It is the same story I told under that strange spell when locked with him into the same cell. It is entitled "A Victim of Conscience."

He had been driven from his mother's home in Iowa by an overbearing stepfather. The injustice of one man became the injustice of the world and upon the world he determined to be revenged.

He felt that he had killed the cowardly White with good reason but his miserable conscience tortured him, nevertheless, when he wandered over the prairies with a broken arm.

The work, responsibility and excitement at the



Gondola mine kept his conscience quiet. When that influence was gone and he was alone with the Swede, John's self-punishment was so intense that he murdered his companion from pure hatred of the race.

Mrs. Sarah Alice Worthington went peacefully to her grave, mourning her martyred son.

And I, as I read his pitiful story, think that perhaps, after all, he was a martyr. Not to his conscience, not to the wild life of those frontier days, but to the injustice of that early wrong which bittered his whole life.

ODDITIES.

Of all the many million people on the earth no two have ears alike.

There has been discovered in Oregon the site of an ancient city.

"A snail's pace" is found by actual measurement to be one mile in fourteen days.

John Merryweather Tinsley, a colored man who died recently in Toronto, was said to have been 109 years old.

In San Francisco has been discovered an animal which is half deer and half goat. He looks like a deer; but he has the marvelous digestion of a goat.

A man got into a quagmire in Oregon the other day and for three days he slowly sank. When discovered and rescued only his head remained above the surface.

Experiments in illumination under water have been made at Toulon in France. An electric lamp was lowered and sea-bred and the water were lighted up to a distance of more than a hundred feet.

A miser in Kingston, N. Y., kept his money in his room having no faith in banks. Recently he discovered that mice had eaten his hoard of \$7,000. There was not a piece left big enough for identification.

In Virginia there is a well in which strange faces and forms appear upon the surface of the water in its depths. There has been no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, and those who have seen the faces think them ghostly and uncanny.

In Yucatan mosquitoes were unknown until they were introduced by American vessels and railways. Now it is said that the mosquitoes there have developed until they are of enormous size, and that their bite is as painful as the sting of a bee.

There is a man living in Ohio who has let his hair grow until it is so long that he can completely cover his face with it. He wears it over his face most of the time and his eyes are nearly useless they have been so long occluded from the light.

The word ostracism comes from the same root as the word oyster, and means "shell." The Greeks used to ostracize, or banish, persons suspected of political crimes, by taking a vote, each citizen writing the name of the person on the inside of a shell, which he "voted." If six thousand were counted up, the ostracized person had to leave the State for ten years, unless sooner recalled.

THE WARNING NOTE.

The heroic endeavors of the medical profession saved many of those who were stricken with La Grippe, but in most of those cases the saving of life was but to prolong the misery, for it is well known that wherever the monster sets its seal, it is sure to leave unfavorable results, but in the past record of the distemper it has been proven that that little plain, simple tablet called OXEN, had a large sized mission to perform in this one particular, and how well it did its duty is attested by the numerous letters received from our grateful friends. OXEN probably did more to ward off La Grippe, lessen the suffering, and effect a complete cure than any or all of the advertised remedies.

The dreaded disease takes a ready hold of the system unprepared to withstand its ravages and it is a duty you all owe to your friends and relatives, to be fortified upon the arrival of the first symptoms. How shall we do this?

Keep a supply of the food on hand. When you feel a slight cold coming on, look out, it is the warning note. The sneezing, hacking and coughing is the messenger of warning sent you. Commence taking the tablets as directed and you will note with pleasure the results. No great bottle of medicine to dose from. A supply for the day can be carried in the vest pocket. The busy man's companion and friend. Pleasant, Effective, Inexpensive.

Do not wait until La Grippe has you in bed or on the way to the grave, for the Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine, will send you without charge a sample package if you apply this month, together with new special directions so you can use it as a hot beverage.

SPORTING GOODS

STAPLES FREE. HEADQUARTERS FOR HICC, GARD, ETC. Address: 61, HENRY & CO., Box 298 Augusta, Me.

SQUARES
VELVET and FLUSH to set off and perfect your every patchwork quilt. Birds, flowers, sprays, etc. Pieces bought at Shipper factory bargains, remount, sale. Assorted and painted by us in all colors. All for 35 cts. ART STORE, Box 298 Augusta, Me.

A NEW CURE!

Orange Manna is a New, pleasant and Certain cure for affections of the Throat, Lungs, Stomach and Bowels, by an entirely new principle.

Send for Circulars of this marvelous new treatment. Agents Wanted. Sample Box, 4 cents. Address THE O. M. CO., 81 Fifth Ave. CHICAGO.

FREE THE AMERICAN MUSICAL BOX
100 TUNES
To introduce them, one in every County or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. EXCELSIOR MUSIC BOX CO., P. O. Box 2126, N. Y. City.

We manufacture the celebrated musical clock and box combined, arranged to play different tunes every time clock strikes, or can be used independent of clock, same as an ordinary music box.

I WANT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO INTRODUCE (among their friends) Dr. STEWART'S "Quick" Headache Cure.
Cures the worst cases of SICK, NERVOUS or BILIOUS Headache and Neuralgia in 30 minutes. Contains no opiates—leaves no bad effects. Price, 25c; cost, 12c. To be paid for when sold. One package sent FREE with full particulars and AGENTS' TERMS, on receipt of 5c (change) to pay postage. C. W. DUNCAN, Newark, N. J.

YOU ARE RUPTURED We Can Cure You
No CURE, NO PAY. When cured it costs you \$2.00 or you can work a few hours and it will cost you nothing. Send 2c. stamp. HAYDEN CO., 67 No. Windham, Maine.

AGENTS DO YOU WANT
Exclusive control of a new article at sight, for \$5.00, and pays a good profit? If so, write us at once you will be too late, as we only appoint one agent in a county. Article suitable for male or female. Address THE LIBERTY MFG. CO. (Department 109), 259 Hudson St., New York City.

FOR 30 DAYS FREE
Wishing to introduce our GRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a GRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT GRAYON CO., 106 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—We will forfeit \$100.00 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bona-fide.

Please read the following Testimonials.

CRESCENT GRAYON CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sirs:—I received the crayon of myself on the 7th inst. Many thanks for the same. My features are perfect; and all who have seen it say that it is perfect. Nothing too great can be made of your fine work, and I shall endeavor to do all within my power to secure your orders. I remain, Yours most gratefully, S. H. PRYOR, 31 Valentine St., Boston, Mass.

CRESCENT GRAYON CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sirs:—I have received the picture all right, for which I offer many thanks that it is so well represented. I have since had one made in Cincinnati, which was offered at reasonable terms which has not given any satisfaction at all. Now I would like to know your price for life-size portraits so that I can better recommend it. ANNA D. HASSE, Flat 7, 126 W. Court St., Cincinnati, O.

From Maine to California.

ACONY
MAINE, Norway P. O.—Enclosed find five dollars which I send me OXEN. I can praise it highly.—A. T. Crocker.

VERMONT, Pawlet, Rutland Co.—I cannot say too much in praise of OXEN. It cured my 70-year-old father of rheumatism.—Mrs. Geo. E. Townslee.

MASS., Fall River.—My life was despaired of, but after using one Giant Box of OXEN I became perfectly well and strong.—John Sinn, Gen. Agent, Fall River, Mass.

NEW YORK, De Ruyter.—OXEN has benefited me more than anything I ever used.—Mrs. William Sterling.

PENN., Salvia, Fulton Co.—Enclosed find ten dollars for OXEN. Was crippled with rheumatism and other ailments. OXEN cured me, and it has done wonders for others.—Robert Sipes.

LOUISIANA, Lehmann.—God bless OXEN. It cured my wife, for whom doctors could do nothing.—B. H. Green.

GEORGIA, Rocky Ford.—It is a Godsend to the world. Please send me another Giant box for enclosed dollar.—Thos. H. Stringer.

NORTH CAROLINA, Leggett.—OXEN has done me more good than any doctor's medicine I ever tried.—Caroline H. Hedgeth.

ALABAMA, Chunchula.—OXEN is worth its weight in gold, and I would not be without it.—O. P. Ingersoll.

FLORIDA, St. Augustine.—For years I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, but now I am well and strong again, and all to whom I give this Wonderful Food for the Nerves experience the same improvement.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips.

OHIO, Sharon Centre.—For a long time my husband had fits. Doctors could do nothing. Since he has used OXEN he has had no sign of his old trouble.—Mrs. John Houghlan.

ILLINOIS, Ridge Farm.—One box of OXEN made me feel like a new man. It does just what you say it will.—Chas. Buell.

NEB., Howe.—It has done wonders for me. After nine years' illness OXEN has brought me good health.—Mrs. Wm. Bantz.

MISS., McCool.—I scarcely hoped to recover, but OXEN has made a new man of me.—W. B. Hull.

MICHIGAN, Dundee.—I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and lost the use of my right side. I spent nearly \$800, but OXEN is the only thing that did me any good, and it has done wonders. This is my first trial at writing since the shock.—W. W. Fleming.

TEXAS, Bowie.—May God bless you always for OXEN. I have no language to tell how happy and thankful I feel. After twenty years' affliction OXEN made me young again.—W. F. Rogers.

COLORADO, Highlands.—OXEN cured me of the worst stomach trouble I ever knew of, and it has done the same for others here with similar complaints.—Mrs. Wm. W. Hinckley.

NEBRASKA, Palmer.—Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves is doing wonders for my wife. Enclosed find \$7 for OXEN.—C. B. McCormick.

CALIFORNIA, San Bernardino.—For thirteen years I suffered with catarrh, but tried your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and to my great joy am now perfectly well.—Miss Rosa Velasquez.

CALIFORNIA, San Francisco.—I was a complete wreck, but after using OXEN am now well and strong. My wife's health has been surprisingly improved also by your Wonderful Food for the Nerves. I send \$30 for a lot of OXEN and Plasters.—Jas. G. Bennett, Chief Engineer, Telephone Building.

TO

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BLISS.

From Poverty to Riches.

One agent says: "In half an hour I have sold ten dollars' worth (or at the rate of thirty thousand dollars a year profit) and still they are coming for it. The OXEN Electric Porous Plasters are doing wonders here."

Not a day passes but what scores of letters like the foregoing reach us from grateful men and women whose lives have been saved by our Wonderful Food for the Nerves, OXEN.

Every hour brings fresh proof that OXEN is the Food which Scientists have searched for; the MEDICINE which doctors have longed for; and the REMEDY which hopeless sufferers have prayed for. It gives new life, new hope, new power, new vigor, new strength, new happiness.

It is a Godsend to the weak and weary; and a Godsend to thousands of Home Workers who are making fortunes introducing it to their friends and neighbors. Write at once for free samples and terms to agents and secure your territory.

CASH PAID.

50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will agree to show the Lucky Investment Booklet we send you with free samples to at least one or two people, we will send you in advance a 50 cent cash card. This will trouble you but a minute, and as we pay in advance it is well for you to answer to-day and also learn from our DOLLARS BOOKLET, sent under seal, facts about the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars we are giving away as premiums, lifting many from poverty to riches.

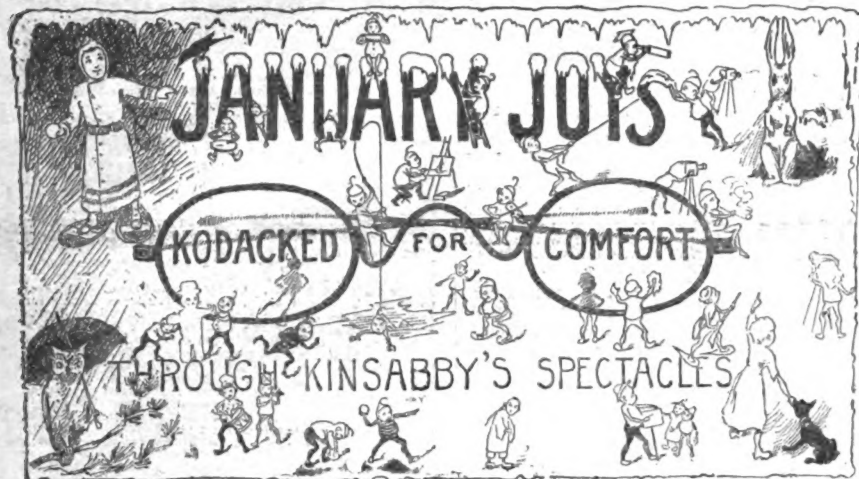
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THE GIANT OXIE CO., 226 Willow Street, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



gagged the sheriff and forced his ten year old son, at the point of a revolver, to open the jail lock.

Big John had broken up his bedstead and was prepared to resist. He did resist but was shot in the shoulder, handcuffed with his hands behind his back



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Filling up with "College English." It is entirely harmless, and by some it is believed to be ornamental, especially if stuffed and mounted and placed upon the mantelpiece just under the motto: "Fill thy wisdom tooth with knowledge."

It is exclusively employed by people who have nothing to say, as it enables them to say it with rare grace and flexibility, and verily the ways of the 400 passeth all understanding. Now for an example: If you should say, "I'm just as happy as a big sunflower," that would not be College English. Nor would this: "Don't holler before you're out of the woods." But were you to remark: "My state of felicity approximates that of the mammoth Heliathus," and, "Refrain from indulging in vociferous exclamations ere you have passed the confines of the wilderness," that would be College English. The latest method of teaching this full-dress accomplishment was kodacked for COMFORT and is illustrated above.



REFINING influence of the fair sex is something astonishing. And so long as man's misdeeds shall cast their sinful shadows upon this sorrowful world, so long will woman's magical touch round off the roughness of his brutal character.

The latest example is furnished by the State of Connecticut.

For years the army of men employees in the great iron bridge and toothless comb works have contended that you could not construct a safe, substantial iron bridge without tempering it with profanity than you could dam the Connecticut river or skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon.

From the mild-mannered millionaire who merely draws smoke out of cigarettes and salary out of the stockholders down to the plainest puddler, the belief was rock-ribbed that nothing could so everlastingly clinch a rivet as a double-twisted, nine-pointed oath. And it verily came to pass that the picturesque language of these ironmongers would cause an army mule to barricade his ears with cotton.

A while ago the company engaged a lot of young ladies as typewriters and stenographers, and before the sun went down on the first day it became clear to them that they would either have to evangelize the heathen or throw up their situations.

So they called into life the "Society for the Suppression of Swearing and Advancement of Christian Virtues," and with the winning ways peculiar to women in general and Connecticut typewriter girls in particular, they soon succeeded in getting every man to join their happy band, and to subject his conversation to the following:

SLIDING SCALE.
Ours Words 10 cents.
Simple Swearing 15 "
Profuse Profanity 25 "
A little brimstone colored box with a slit in the top, and bearing the inscription "Drop your nickles and become a better man," was nailed up conspicuously, and every one was solemnly pledged not only to pay for his own profanity but report any failures of others to do so.

It is horrible to relate, but the truth is mighty and must prevail. The money simply poured in like rats into a corn-crib. It is said that one of the chiefs of the concern on the day after election profaned politics to the tune of \$7.29 and it soon became a question what was to be done with the relief funds.

As may be expected, the girls proved equal to the occasion. Inviting a number of friends, they hired a special party car and visited the Yale-Harvard football game at Springfield in a style that rivalled Patti's Ninth Annual Farewell to the Stage. The manner in which



the entire party purchased peanuts and pop-corn and "Rah! Rah! Rah!" for Yale, is said to have been exceedingly great.

Visions of a trip to the World's Fair were already looming up before the fair typists when it became apparent to the men that the existing state of affairs could not continue without bankrupting some of the best families. As a result a secret meeting was called and an opposition society formed for the purpose of erecting, in the guise of a lodge-room, a Padded Profanity Proof Parlor, with boiler iron hangings ornamented with an asbestos dado and other fireproof decorations. Each member is supplied with a pass-key and when the evil spirit moves him—well—this is a secret society!

THE very latest thing in chrysanthemums is the "Goodness Gracious." Its name was suggested by the spectacle of a New York dude with one of those flowers about the size of a soup plate in his button-hole. We may now look for the Helen Blazes theatre bonnet which obstructs visions of the Black Crook and Babes of the Woods.



I therefore offer for sale or exchange a choice copy of the motto, "Heal Thyself," worked in rainbow-tinted worsted, all hand-made, and enclosed in a rich Aurora Borealis frame of pink seashells and varnished pine cones.

This latest and greatest sorrow came upon me in this way. The recent prize moneygram contest between His Excellency Grover Cleveland and my former friend Harrison gave me lumps in the side, and I longed for change. So when my physician said that it would pay me to go in pursuit of the Ozone among the pine-clad hills of Maine, I borrowed a gun, and began looking about for a man who would lend me a dog—for the president-elect carried with him every pointer I had before the election. (A diagram goes with this pun.)

Now while I had hunted a good many kinds of game, I had never pursued the Ozone of Maine, and as I wished to go prepared I of course needed a dog. I therefore felt pretty gay when an Augusta friend helloed to me over the long distance telephone that he had secured two fine hounds and asked me to come up at once. I was in such a hurry that I left on an empty stomach and reached Augusta at ten P.M., only to find that one of the dogs had in the meantime decided to go after Ozone on his own account, while the other turned out to be stolen property and came near getting me into jail.

From what I gathered it was a poor year for dogs; and as there was but one other hound in town I hired him on sight for three dollars per day, agreeing to get killed if I lost him. This dog looked so thin that my friend fed him three pounds of venison chops which his wife had stored in the ice-box for our breakfast and then we locked him up in the stable.

We had scarcely gone to bed when the dog began howling as though he had struck the trail of a white elephant, and in less than a minute a dozen windows and angry voices were raised, and I wished that I hadn't come. I heard my friend's wife tell her husband that she wished he would take his dog-friends to the hotel instead of letting them disturb the entire neighborhood, so I sneaked down to the barn and tried to soothe the hound with some more venison.

Now it doesn't take a hound long to dispose of a few pounds of meat, and I had no sooner reached my bed again than a fresh Hallelujah Chorus rang in my ears.

The night was now no longer young, and I began to grow weary of the situation. I therefore smuggled the beast into my room and spent the rest of the night in trying to convince him of the error of his ways. Every time he wanted to go home to his mother I smothered him with a feather bed. And just before dawn I carried him back to his owner, whom I gave another three dollars for taking him off my hands.



A man may have worried through the weary vigils of the night by the bedside of a serious case of spoiled child; he may have fretted himself into delirious triangles over a kicking tooth, or he may have organized himself into a cyclorama of cuss-words in trying to convince eleven stubborn jurors that they were afflicted with dampfoot. But this same man is still a stranger to those emotions which come only to the Ozone hunter who sits up with a howling, home-sick hound pup while the night owl tunes its lay among the pine-clad hills of Maine.

Cut This Out it may Bring You \$7000. Keep this where you will not lose sight of it. Readers of this paper who happen to get any old or curious U. S. or foreign coins, can sell at high prices to Mr. W. E. Skinner, Coin Dealer, 4 Raymond Block, Boston, Mass. He buys nearly 1100 kinds and pays from a few cents to \$7000. over face value. He is prompt, honest and reliable. In addition to rare coins, Mr. Skinner, buys old war currency, tokens, relics, etc. You may have something worth a fortune. Notice his advertisement in this issue.

Amateur Gardening. A wide awake, cheery and healthful Floral and Horticultural Monthly, and a VALUABLE 50 CENT BOOK FREE. Send us 50 Cents (postage stamps will be taken) and get this magazine for a year and a copy of Lessons in Candy Making by Catherine Owen. Address AMATEUR GARDENING, Springfield, Mass.

\$1100 FOR 4 TOMATOES!

This Wonderful "EARLIEST TOMATO IN THE WORLD" is a perfect success. It has proved the earliest and best and bears abundantly of large bright red tomatoes, very smooth, of excellent quality and free from rot. My plants set in garden last of May produced fullsize ripe tomatoes July 2nd. I want a great record for it in 1893, and will pay \$500 cash to a person growing a ripe tomato in 75 days from day seed is sown, also \$400 to the person growing a ripe tomato in least number of days from day seed is sown. \$125 for next and \$75 for next. Beware of imitations. I own all the seed. Never offered before. Is all head and sure to head, very uniform, of large size, firm and fine in texture, excellent quality and a good keeper. I will pay \$100 for heaviest head grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest. Single heads have weighed over 60 pounds.

SURE HEAD CABBAGE I own all the seed. Never offered before. Is all head and sure to head, very uniform, of large size, firm and fine in texture, excellent quality and a good keeper. I will pay \$100 for heaviest head grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest. Single heads have weighed over 60 pounds.

GIANT SILVER QUEEN ONION is a large and single specimens under sworn testimony have weighed over 5 lbs. They are of mild and delicate flavor, grow rapidly, ripen early, flesh white and handsome. I will pay \$100 for heaviest onion grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest.

ALICE PANSY has created a sensation everywhere. They grow larger and contain the greatest number of colors (many never seen before in pansies) of any pansy ever offered. I offer \$500 to a person growing a Blossom measuring 4 1/2 in. in diameter, and \$300 for largest blossom grown, \$100 for second, \$50 for third, \$50 for fourth, \$50 for fifth and \$50 for sixth. Full particulars of all prizes in catalogue.

MY CATALOGUE is full of bargains. \$900 is largest number of customers, and \$500 for largest club orders. \$1.00 customers get 50 cents extra FREE.

MY OFFER I will send a packet each of Earliest Tomato in the World, Sure Head Cabbage, Giant Silver Queen Onion, Alice Pansy and Bargain Catalogue, for only 25 cents. Every person sending silver P. N. or M. O. for above collection will receive Free a packet Mammoth Prize Tomato, grows 14 ft. high, and I offer \$500 for a 4 lb. tomato grown from this seed. If two persons send for two collections together each will receive Free a packet Wonder of the World Beans, stalks grow large as broom handle and pods are 18 in. long. It is a perfect wonder. F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, N. Y. (Mr. Mills is perfectly reliable and trustworthy. Ed.)

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION. The result of 20 years practical experience in treating Skin and Scalp Diseases.

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